CAMPBELL;

OR, THE

SCOTTISH PROBATIONER.

A NOVEL.

Hard is the Scholar's lot, condemned to sail,
Unpatronised, o'er life's tempestuous wave:
Clouds blind his sight; nor blows a friendly gale,
To waft him to one port—except the grave.

PENROSE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Fancy from joy still wanders far astray,
Ah, Melancholy! how I feel thy power;
Long have I laboured to elude thy sway,
But vanquished now, I can resist no more.
The traveller thus, that o'er the midnight waste,
Through many a lonesome path condemned to roam,
Wilder'd and weary, sets him down at last;
For long the night, and distant far his home.

BEATTIE.

I HAD settled Mr Belfield's business to his entire satisfaction; and we now enjoyed ourselves, for some time, in talking over storms, sea fights, and the many other incidents of my

journey, till they began to lose the zest of novelty, and the calm uniformity of domestic life gradually succeeded.

I had not been many weeks at home, when I received a packet from my friend Colonel Maitland, enclosing a presentation to the kirk of ——. This was no other than the parish where I had first officiated as an assistant, and from whence I had been forced to depart abruptly, in consequence of my unfortunate sermon on Liberty of Conscience, already mentioned. Although I had signified to my friends my willingness to accept of a living in the church, yet I now almost felt, like a celebrated literary character, that

"Preferment came a day too late."

The coincidence of my being presented to this parish, was also a very singular circumstance; but whether it was to be productive of triumph, or mortification, to me was yet problematical. I had been long absent from that part of the country, and was totally ignorant whether the violent opposition to my principles were still alive, or whether the

majority of my parishioners were become more moderate in their opinions.

The time, however, approached, which was to put this to the test: I had accepted of the presentation, and the day came that a call was to be moderated for me, according to the forms of the Church of Scotland. Of three heritors, residing in the parish, only one signed the call, and only three householders. Mr Belfield had a small estate in the parish, and had offended the other heritors, by refusing to join them in some political measure. I was his protegé, and they wreaked their resentment on my head. The principles of the parishioners, in general, were not yet altered; and even those few who were more liberal, wanted firmness to shew themselves in opposition to the multitude.

An affair of this kind always makes a great noise in a parish, and the more it is discussed, the greater ferment it occasions. Patronage, like all other human institutions, has its advantages and disadvantages. After its introduction, it met with long and strenuous opposition, which is now considerably

abated; although some quarters of the country are yet distinguished for hostility to a measure, which is considered derogatory from the honour, and incompatible with the true interests of the church. Such were the opinions of a great majority in the parish of ——. I firmly believe that they would have opposed the settlement of the Apostle Paul himself, had he been intruded (as they termed it) upon them; but against me they had many plausible objections. My unfortunate sermon was not yet forgotten; and, instead of having produced the benefits intended—brotherly love and catholic charity,—it had engendered spiritual pride, illiberality, wrath, calumny, and falsehood.

I beheld, with dread, the gathering storm which I had to encounter; and was convinced, that, although I might legally obtain a settlement, the struggle would be attended with many unpleasant circumstances; and that my subsequent situation would neither be useful to my congregation, nor agreeable to myself. I therefore resolved upon resigning the presentation, and for ever renouncing the pursuit of

clerical emoluments. Upon communicating this resolution to some of my reverend friends, they opposed it most strenuously, asserting, that such a step was adding fuel to that flame which had so long existed, and would be a source of additional encouragement to every refractory parish throughout the kingdom. I admitted that all this might be true; but felt that I could have no real happiness in the discharge of my duty, among those who exhibited so determined an opposition to my settlement. I had never considered the office of a parish minister as a sinecure; and could not reconcile it to my own conscience, to hold a situation in which I could not be useful. In that case I was not only to receive wages which I was not earning, but was in fact keeping out another, who, either from superior qualifications, or being less opposed to the prejudices of his hearers, might be better adapted to be their instructor. They admitted that all this was cogent reasoning; but argued, that, by accepting the charge, and doing my duty, I should ultimately succeed in removing their prejudices—acquire their esteem and af-

fection, and be the happy means of removing that bigotted and intolerant spirit, for which they had long been conspicuous. To this I replied, that such a result was to be wished, rather than expected; and there was no reason for indulging the hope, that, during the few years I might live among them, either my precepts or example could be successful, in eradicating prejudices, which they seemed to possess as a hereditary right; and that I should only be sacrificing the repose of my own mind, in a futile attempt to promote what I believed to be the good of others.

These opinions and feelings, I stated at full length, in writing, to my friends Dr Stanley and Colonel Maitland, soliciting their unbiassed advice. I had also several long and serious interviews with Mr Belfield on the subject. All of them were of opinion, that whatever might be urged against my resignation, by those who were anxious to support their ecclesiastical privileges, still I had an unquestionable right to consult my own happiness; and, from their knowledge of my feelings, they were persuaded that it was a duty which

I owed to myself to renounce the presentation. With the sanction of such friends, I did not hesitate a moment; and thus relieved myself from a state of mind, which had become more painful than any I had hitherto experienced. Hence this incident may be considered as an important era in my life, and was productive of much serious reflection.

I began now to take a retrospective view of my life, from my earliest recollections, and turned from it with sickness of heart. I had wasted a number of its best years in acquiring an education which had produced no adequate advantage; and this had been done at an expense, which my parents could but ill afford. The greatest part of my life was now past, and what place in society had I filled? In regard to general utility, for what purpose had I existed? Except the time that I had passed in the instruction of youth, no part had been of any real service to mankind. The bread which I had eaten, and almost every comfort which I had enjoyed, were not earned by my labours. I had been an oppressive burden upon parents, bowed down with

age and poverty; and was convinced that the evening of their days was rendered still more gloomy by my dependent situation. Had it not been for one or two most unexpected and romantic incidents, I should long ago have been degraded into insignificance—an object of contempt. When I looked around me, and saw the peasant guiding the plough, and raising food for those about him; the artisan constructing the implements necessary for the comfort and convenience of man, aiding the manufacturer in attaining greater perfection in his business, or diminishing the quantity of human labour; when I reflected, that, by the industry and skill of these men, the wealth and luxuries of the most distant climes were wafted to our shores, and Britain aggrandized and supported, as empress of the sea, and dictating to Europe; then I sunk still farther in my own estimation, and, with bitterness of heart, lamented the foolish ambition of my mother, whose doting fondness prevailed upon my father to give me an education which had disqualified

me for labour, and rendered me dependent for life:

"Be that the moral of my *humble* tale."

However true all this might be, it was now too late to think of any alteration. My recent effort to acquire a livelihood, and be useful to society, had been unsuccessful: I could do no more. From indigence and want I was secure; but how? By the bounty of others—a kind of eleemosynary bounty,—the result perhaps of whim. This was a most galling idea. It had always oppressed my feelings to be dependent; but to think that I owed all the comforts of my situation, not to any merit which might have procured me the esteem of my benefactors, but to some capricious inclination of their own;—alas! my pride revolted at the idea. So powerful was this impression upon my mind, and so unremittingly did it haunt me, that I deliberated whether I should not renounce all that I enjoyed, teach the school, and live upon bread and water when I could do no better.

Such were the ravings of a morbid sensibi-

lity, which most powerfully operated on my mind. My recent disappointment had roused all the latent pride in my bosom, and it was now subsiding into sullen despondency.

It is true, there were what I may term lucid intervals, during which I felt, lamented, and resolved upon correcting this unmanly dejection; but again the sadness would return, and I became gloomy, unsociable, and melancholy. It was winter. I would sit for hours at my window after twilight, and listen with delight to the tempest howling in the woods which surrounded my dwelling, and fancy that I heard "the angry spirit of the waters," in their awful roar. When I went to bed, I drew aside the curtain of the window, that I might see the glaring meteor as it shot along the sky. I listened with strange delight to the withered leaves fluttering in the blast, and the driving rain pelting on my casement. When the sad and joyless morning arose, I wandered in the woods, and saw, with perverse satisfaction, trees shivered or overturned; the rifted rock and the mossy bank hurled from the heights, and obstructing

the path in the valley. I gazed with insatiable eye on the torrent, foul and terrible, tumbling from the mountains, overspreading the valley, and sweeping resistless along. In short, every thing that indicated the decay of nature, or the ungovernable fury of the elements, gave a gloomy pleasure to my soul. In my calmer hours, I wrote letters to my country friends, which, after perusal, I destroyed; for, in spite of all my efforts to disguise them, the prominent features of my mind were traced by my pen; and I could not for a moment endure the reflection, that any one should discover the mental disorder under which I laboured; for such I knew it to be, although I believed it incurable.

Mr Belfield had observed the approaches of this melancholy, and most assiduously had he endeavoured to counteract it. He contrived to decoy me from school, at least one day every week, when we had a ride over part of the adjacent country. In the evenings, we conversed, or played at backgammon; in short, he tried every art to sooth my feelings, and keep me from brooding over my imaginary

woes; but (I speak it to my shame) I continued sullen, and repelled even his kindness. Still his efforts were unremitted, and he occasionally succeeded in lighting up a temporary sunshine in my soul.

Some time before this, Mrs Belfield had met with an accident, which occasioned her confinement for several weeks. She was now so far recovered as to see her friends; and Mr Belfield believed that her amiable smile and winning manner, would lure me from my solitude, and awake the gentler energies of my mind. He contrived to interest my feelings for his Anna, described the great danger she had escaped, and her now progressive recovery. On the first evening that she had been able to see a stranger, I was introduced to her. The delicacy of her frame, the hectic tinge upon her cheek, that blended itself insensibly with the surrounding whiteness of the lily, pictured to my fancy almost all that I could imagine of mortal beauty adorning angelic purity. Her manner was at all times endearing; but never had I thought her half so amiable; her eye beamed benignity, and her

smile was fascination; but it was the fascination of one whom I revered, and was consequently unblended with any degrading passion. Mrs Belfield, in a voice of seraphic sweetness, expressed her regret at having been so long deprived of my company; and added, that as she was now recovering rapidly every day, my presence would enliven their little circle, and thereby promote her convalescence. I afterwards discovered, that Mr Belfield had apprised her of my situation; and she thus kindly endeavoured to "win me from my evil thoughts."

When I retired on the evening of this first interview, I could not forget Mrs Belfield's appearance: the seraph-like countenance and slender form, with which my fancy had invested her, still dwelt upon my mind.—I went to bed—insensibly, the image changed to that of Maria B.; Elysium smiled around her; all was cloudless and perfect felicity; and I passed a night in visions of delight, which cannot be described, and can never be forgotten.

Mrs Belfield sung charmingly; and was

also an exquisite performer on the harp, which she accompanied with her voice. Soon after her marriage, I had, at her request, written a song for a favourite air, to which she had no appropriate words. Now that she was recovered, she one evening turned to her harp, saying, she again wished to hear its tones.

Whether from accident or design I know not, but she sung the air, with the words which I had written for her. Never till now did I think highly either of the words or music. The air was plaintive; the delicacy of her cadences, and the languor of her appearance, operated powerfully upon my imagination, and my faculties were absorbed in attention. She saw how keenly I was delighted; and that, I presume, suggested the request that she made to me before I retired, by saying, that in her musical selections there were several favourite airs, the words of which she somehow disliked; and as I had once already obliged her in that way, it would be conferring a very particular favour, now that the weather and her unconfirmed health kept her within doors, if

I would endeavour to supply her with more appropriate words to a few of these airs.

Mrs Belfield knew, that any request of hers had hitherto met a cheerful compliance from me; and she therefore thus kindly endeavoured to divert my mind from that melancholy which was making inroads upon my happiness.

I set about the important task of song-writing with all the ardour of a youthful poet; and in the course of a week became so intimate with the Muses and poetical criticism, that

"Loathed Melancholy, of blackest midnight born,"

had entirely vanished. For six hours every day, I attended to the duties of my school; scribbled for another hour or two; and in the evening, Mrs Belfield sung, smiled, and talked so pleasantly, that I returned home, at peace with myself and all the world. Such is the boasted being Man; and so much is he the child of circumstances, that over the passions and operations of his own mind and feelings he seems to have no control.

The renovating breath of Spring had diffused a smile over the face of Nature; we walked abroad, and every sense was regaled. Seated on the mossy bank, beneath fragrant birches, which shaded the delicate primrose at our feet, we inhaled the odours which the light breeze wafted around. Above, the dappled sky exhibited an expanse of light and shade, which art must ever despair to imitate, while the lark, invisible to the eye, poured his cheerful warblings, and every thicket resounded with the song of love and joy. At the bottom of the bank, the murmuring stream spread itself into a calm and limpid pool, where we beheld inverted groves and flowering shrubs, mingling in rich confusion, as the surface of the water dimpled to the breeze. From the crystal bosom of the pool, the wanton trout would jump, the golden specks on its back shining in the sun-beam. Mr Belfield's little boy would gambol on the bank, fill his little lap with flowers, lay them at his mother's feet, or attempt to twine them in her hair, clamber on our knees, and endeavour to imitate every rural so md that echoed from the rocks.

All this gave a temporary oblivion to care; but, like the intoxication of strong liquors, when the stimuli ceased to operate, it was succeeded by languor and debility of mind. I would then inquire of myself, whether these were occupations worthy of a dignified and rational being? and what was their tendency beyond that of killing time? Despondency summoned around me a host of fancied but undefined evils, and I concluded that my present pursuits were a degradation of intellect.

After a day passed in hopeless melancholy, I retired early to rest. Nature, harassed and worn out, sunk me in perturbed slumbers, from which I deemed it happiness to awake. While the impressions left on my mind were still haunting my imagination, I wrote the following lines.

TO

THE SPIRIT WHO PRESIDES OVER DREAMS.

Thou pleasing, painful, secret power,
Whom I can neither see nor shun,
Though oft at midnight's silent hour
I feel thy mystic reign begun;

Where is thy seat? and whence thy might?
   Who placed the sceptre in thy hand,
That spectres dire, and seraphs bright,
   Arise beneath thy magic wand?

Art thou a phantom of the brain,
   Produced by humours ill-refined?
Or one of Fancy's fairy train,—
   A wandering meteor of the mind?

Mysterious power—to me unknown!
   Art thou an intellectual ray,
A harbinger from Reason's throne,
   As morn precedes the blaze of day?

Whate'er thou art, my slumbers spare;
   Capricious painter, close the scene;
Long time condemned thy freaks to bear,
   Permit me now to sleep serene.

There was a time—long since gone by,
   When thou, my nightly pillow near,
Would'st trace scenes fair in Fancy's eye,
   And whisper transport in my ear!

If chance in thy fantastic mood,
   In lonely deserts lost I strayed;
Or, struggling, stemmed the rolling flood,
   To save my loved, my peerless maid;

Thy rich reward was ever near:—
   Maria met me in the grove:
By hedge-row green, or streamlet clear,
   We whisper'd soft the tale of love.

But now, the victim of thy wrath,
I toiling climb the mountain steep;
Through tangling thorns attempt a path,
Or o'er departed pleasures weep.

Yet I would meet thy nameless woes,
Thy phantoms formed by midnight gloom;
Would'st thou, before my eyes unclose,
Paint her I loved, in beauty's bloom.

Enchanter! if such power be thine,
Again pourtray Maria's charms!
The fancied bliss that once was mine,
And place her blushing in my arms!

Then seal my eyes—shut out the day,
Nor let the dear illusion fly,
Till months and years shall roll away,
While I the cares of life defy.

In my calmer hours, I was ashamed of myself, and would often resolve to vanquish the demon of melancholy, who, I felt, was rapidly destroying both health and happiness. Within the last twelve months, I had written to the poor unfortunate in America, from whom I now received the following letter.

"*New York, March* 179—

"DEAR SIR,—Do not accuse me of ingratitude, in not replying sooner to your last kind

and friendly letter: Often do I think of ——, never can I forget you. The circumstances under which our acquaintance commenced, are interwoven by fate with my existence; and I feel, that while memory holds her seat, they will haunt my recollection. This will be a dull epistle; but having so long neglected my duty, my heart reproaches me, and I sit down to discharge a task for which I feel my mind ill prepared. You say that you expect to hear of my increasing prosperity and happiness. The expression is kind, and I am satisfied it conveys the wish of your heart. If success in business were all that is wanting to produce felicity, I have no cause to complain. In this respect, Providence has been kind to me, far beyond my deserts. But, alas! my dear friend, more, much more is required; and I now feel, that the happiness, with the prospect of which I once flattered myself, can never be mine. There is an arrow in my bosom, which even your lenient hand wants skill to extract.

"The errors of my youth rise up against me, and I find, by dire experience, that they can never be forgotten. What avails change

of place to him who carries the enemy of his peace within! What although I have made restitution to all whom I injured,—I feel that my good name, my honour is wounded. It is in vain that you tell me I and my errors are forgotten: I cannot persuade myself of this; and even were it possible, keenly do I feel, that there is one who cannot forget!

"Were the fabled Lethean waters in existence, most cheerfully would I travel to the farthest extremity of the globe, to partake of the salubrious draught.

"You may think it strange, but the words Scotland and Scotsman, although not hateful, are truly painful to my ear; and I feel a chillness at my heart, when any friend proposes introducing me to a countryman newly arrived, being tortured with the apprehension, that he has brought the tale of my disgrace along with him. Even in my happiest hours, either in company or alone, when I have totally forgotten my griefs, some associating idea wakes the disturber of my peace.

"In a former letter, a slight hint escaped me of a tender attachment, and you kindly hope

that it has now produced a lasting and happy union. Yes, my dear friend, I feel that I love ardently as ever poets painted, and I have the consciousness that the passion is mutual; but I cannot, must not marry! My mind is restless, and my temper is soured; I feel that I can never be happy, and am incapable of communicating that blessing to another. I begin to imagine that my health is impaired, and sometimes think, that if I could see her whom I so fondly adore well matched with a worthy man, I would leave all that I possess to her family; and then I could with pleasure quit this vain and wearisome scene of mortal existence; but still my heart recoils at the idea of that lovely woman ever becoming the wife of another. In a word, pity me, my friend, for I am a poor, dejected, isolated being. If the maxim be true, that 'virtue is her own reward,' I feel, bitterly feel, the converse, that 'vice is her own punishment.'

"So successful have I been in business, that my neighbours term me, 'the lucky Scotchman.' They express their surprise at my not

marrying; and, I believe, think me a miser, with some strange eccentricities of mind; for my temper is unequal, and I now seek opportunities for laughing, as the best means to prevent me from crying. Were it possible, gladly would I exchange situations with the porter who cleans my shop; or the jovial and thoughtless sailor, who every day risks his life at sea. Yes, I would be content to live as ignorant, and toil as much, could I escape from my own recollections. But it cannot be: I must bear the punishment of my crimes; and, like Cain, I fear there is a mark upon me, by which I shall yet be known, even in this strange and distant land.

"Will you, my honoured, my worthy friend, write to me soon after you receive this? Methinks I feel my mind more at ease, now that I have unfolded its sorrows to you; it enjoys a temporary calm, but the tempest will return. It is not that hurricane, which carries immediate destruction in its train; but it is like a river too much swelled for its channel, and imperceptibly undermining its banks, from which, at no distant period, the tree that

spreads its verdant branches will fall prostrate, never to rise. If any one upon earth can afford me consolation, it is you; you know my soul, and all its secret griefs.

"I ought to write to Mrs Maitland, but find myself unequal to the task. I never pray for myself, without petitioning Heaven for blessings upon her and you.

"If my brother is still near you, let me know what he is doing; if you think that two or three hundred pounds would be of real service to him, say so. O that I had earned this money sooner! but I can neither recall nor forget the past. All that I have, I owe to you; but you have already silenced me on that head. I wish also to hear of my sisters, and will assist them; for I now can do it honestly.

"Do not communicate the contents of this letter to my brother. He has only to regret youthful follies, while I pine under the recollection of deliberate crimes. He, I hope, is happy: if he is nearly so, it would be cruel to disturb his peace with the knowledge of my uneasiness.

"I am conscious that I ought not to intrude my sorrows upon you; but without confiding them to some friendly bosom, I believe they would be insupportable. I know that you cannot respect me; but, if you do not absolutely hate me, write, my dear Sir, to your afflicted, but ever grateful friend."

CHAPTER XXXII.

Marrying for beauty only pleases me,
Obliges her, and keeps her humble too.
'Twould be injustice to all human kind,
If still the rich should only wed the rich;
The world would then only consist
Of usurers and beggars.——
Young and handsome is portion enough
To him that needs not any: I hate constraint
In any thing, and in love above all things.

EARL OF ORRERY.

It will not be supposed, that the preceding epistle had any tendency to exhilarate my spirits. I had felt a warm interest in the fate of the writer, and now sincerely sympathised with him in his melancholy. Yet, after deliberate reflection, and comparing his situation with my own, I saw much cause for being satisfied with my lot. He was richer than I, but riches had failed to procure peace

of mind. There was a rankling wound in his heart, for which gold could purchase no balm; "an arrow in his bosom, which the hand of friendship wanted skill to extract." Mine were the pinings of discontent; his were the upbraidings of self-accusation.

I shewed his letter to Mr Belfield, who agreed with me, that it might be well to get a remittance for his brother and sisters, particularly the latter, who were more in want of it than Roger; and I wrote accordingly, recommending that measure.

My health began now to be seriously affected, most probably from the indisposition of my mind; and, at the earnest solicitations of my friends, I discontinued my labours in the school; Mr Belfield kindly contriving to lead me into such scenes, either of business or amusement, as appeared most likely to command my attention and divert my melancholy. But such was the morbid state of my feelings, that every exertion made by him had an effect opposite to what he wished, the moment that I discovered his intentions. I writhed in mental agony at the dependence in which

I was placed; believed myself degraded, and considered every act of kindness which I received, as increasing the load of obligations under which I had so long groaned.

About this time, a letter was received from Colonel and Mrs Maitland, conveying the agreeable intelligence, that they might be expected at Hawthorn-lodge in a few days after, on their way to Bramble-brae; adding, that they intended making a tour through the Highlands, and expected Mr and Mrs Belfield and me to accompany them. They arrived soon after, stopped for a few days, and insisted that we should set forward on our tour.

Mr and Mrs Belfield had no inclination to visit Bramble-brae, and for me it had no attractions. It was therefore arranged, that we should proceed to Dunkeld, afterwards separate, and again meet at Taymouth. A day or two was to be spent in Edinburgh *en passant;* and we set off, attended by an English servant of Colonel Maitland's, and Mr Belfield's servant, Donald M'Donald. Mr Belfield had kindly taken him on the tour, that

he might have an opportunity of paying a visit to his parents, who lived in that part of the Highlands which we proposed to visit.

On arriving in Edinburgh, we stopped at Dumbreck's Hotel, and walked over the town for amusement. Having a call or two to make, a curious coincidence of circumstances introduced us to a strange and unexpected scene; for the better explanation of which, it will be necessary to take a retrospective glance at some characters, mentioned in an early part of these Memoirs.

It will be recollected, that Sir Peter Lightfoot of Bramble-brae had resolved upon establishing his second son in commerce. For this purpose, Dick was, at fifteen years of age, sent to a respectable counting-house in Leith, to acquire the initiatory parts of his practical education.

The natural avarice of Sir Peter was, in some degree, counteracted by the vanity of supporting his title and rank, and Lady Lightfoot was dotingly fond of her children. A handsome premium was therefore paid for Dick to his employers, with an express stipulation, that

he should not be confined to the desk, nor obliged to submit to the control and privations which apprentices generally experience; in fine, that he should at all times be treated like what he was,—the son of a country gentleman, who had been knighted by his Majesty.

The consequence of this may easily be anticipated. Young Hopeful had rather an obtuse intellect, and hated the drudgery of application. The elementary parts of his previous education had been very imperfectly acquired. In speaking, the endeavours which he used to disguise his vernacular idiom, only served to render his affectation more conspicuous. He wrote a bad hand, and could not form one sentence grammatically; he was neither a correct nor expeditious accountant, and utterly void of that taste which prompts to neatness or elegance in execution. Hence, what he performed at the desk, was executed in a slovenly manner; and neither his accuracy nor attendance could be relied on. His pockets being full, and his head empty, he soon found a set of idle and dissipated companions in Edinburgh, who assisted him in

passing the evenings in a style that consoled him for the drudgery and disgrace (for such he considered it), which he was obliged to undergo during a few hours of the day.

Things went on in this way for some time; his master vainly endeavouring to fix his attention upon the principles of commerce, and to inspire him with a taste for business. These were soon found to be hopeless efforts; and the worthy man saw with regret, that his apprentice, however deficient and inattentive to the duties of his profession, was making rapid progress in the accomplishments of a gentleman blackguard. Advice, remonstrance, and threatenings, were progressively, but ineffectually, tried; and it was at last intimated to Sir Peter, that it would be prudent to withdraw his son from a quarter, where his improvement was as hopeless, as his confirmed depravity seemed unavoidable.

This occasioned an acute pang to the knight; although such was the vanity and folly of both parents, that they considered their son's dissipation, when confined within certain bounds, as giving a necessary *eclat* to the family. Unfor-

tunately, however, Dick had rather overstepped the limits of what are considered genteel accomplishments and fashionable follies. The tavern, gaming-house, and brothel, were alternately his haunts; and in all of these he had exhibited feats of brutality and low cunning, which were sometimes about to involve him in serious consequences; and as he was known to be a coward, he oftener than once saved his person at the expense of his purse.

These circumstances transpired; and he received a peremptory command from his father to resign his situation, and repair immediately to Bramble-brae. This mandate he knew was irreversible; and accordingly, although with much reluctance, turned his back on the *bon vivants* and *filles adorables* of Edina, to encounter the ceaseless garrulity of his mother, and the severe sententious lectures of Sir Peter, upon the hateful topics of interest and worldly prudence.

Dick was prepared for a severe reprimand, heard it gravely, put on a penitential face, promised amendment, and begged that they would not again recur to the subject. But

the lady continuing to scold, and the knight to moralize, Dick hummed a play-house tune, took up his gun, whistled on his pointers, and sallied forth to seek relief from the din of his mother's tongue, among the grouse on his father's heath.

Sir Peter, finding it impracticable to make him a merchant, proposed getting him into the army. The fop was fond of a red coat and an epaulet; but had no great inclination for a trip to the continent, where there was a probability of meeting the hero of Marengo and his myrmidons. His mother also was dreadfully alarmed at the idea of his entering the regulars: pretending to despise the danger, he talked of it in such a manner, and so frequently, as to impress its terrors upon her imagination; with some indirect hints about the easy and genteel life enjoyed by militia officers. The doting mother took the bait; and, by importunity and clamour, obtained Sir Peter's consent, that he should have a commission in the militia. This was obtained; and he now brandished the sword

instead of the quill, shining a hero at parades, reviews, and assemblies.

The head quarters of the regiment was, in a short time after, fixed in the vicinity of Edinburgh; and our hero, with delight, saw himself again in the emporium of pleasure; but he recollected that he was now a military officer, and found it necessary, for the preservation of his dignity, to avoid many of his former associates. It was no very difficult task for him to procure new companions; he was easily seen through, and his own penetration was not very keen; hence, although politeness and military etiquette procured him civility from the most respectable officers, yet his intimates were men of habits and principles similar to his own.

Lieutenant Lightfoot (as he was now termed), although much of his time and attention had been devoted to the fair sex, was an entire stranger to love; but he now began to imagine himself deeply enamoured of Miss Harper, a performer in the Edinburgh Theatre. She had a good stature and agreeable face: sung and danced upon the stage

with a degree of ease and gracefulness quite adapted to the Lieutenant's taste; for, in forming his opinion of the lovely and amiable part of the creation, his connoisseurship extended no farther than externals. Fame had never whispered aught against Miss Harper's reputation; or, if this officious chronicler had ever done so, the echoes of her trumpet had never reached the ears of the Lieutenant, and Miss Harper became his favourite toast at the Bacchanalian orgies where he presided.

On an occasion of this kind, when the third bottle had produced an elevation of soul and volubility of tongue, quite beyond the conception of those who drink water, or even venture to sip an occasional glass of whisky toddy, the Lieutenant called for a bumper, and toasted Miss Harper. An Edinburgh buck, at the bottom of the table, hinted his surprise, that charms which had ceased to please in Dublin, should have so powerful attractions in Auld Reekie. Dick demanded an explanation: this was declined, with some expressions of contempt for the lady in ques-

tion. High words ensued, and some threatening expressions being used by the Lieutenant, the buck told him, that his courage was about equal to Miss Harper's reputation. This was too much for the soldier, who tossed a glass and its contents full in the face of his antagonist. A challenge was the immediate consequence, which Dick, though not over anxious of smelling gunpowder in the hostile field, felt himself obliged to accept. They met next morning in Bruntsfield Links, when Dick received a ball in his side. He was carried home, and his fate pronounced doubtful, the ball not being extracted for several days after.

Advice was sent to Bramble-brae. His fond mother was unable to visit him; but she immediately despatched his sister, Miss Lightfoot, to be his attendant. Miss Harper, the cause of this rencontre, had a brother who also trode the Edinburgh boards, with whom the Lieutenant had been forming an acquaintance for the sake of the sister. The hero of the buskin considered himself bound to send his card of inquiry for the defender of his sis-

ter's reputation. He was invited to call personally, and an intimacy was soon formed between the parties.

The Lieutenant was now pronounced out of danger, and progressively recovering. He wisely enough considered, that this affair would give some eclat to his name, and perhaps forward his views with Miss Harper; for this purpose he cultivated the growing intimacy with her brother, who now spent all the time he could spare from duty in the Lieutenant's chamber, their *tete a tete* being only interrupted by Miss Lightfoot, who joined them occasionally, and seemed to take much pleasure in the player's conversation.

Although no beauty, Miss Lightfoot had something agreeable enough in her face—was of a gay, careless turn, and sufficiently forward in her manner; fond of admiration; not over scrupulous about the opinions of others; and heartily tired of pining out her youthful days among the bleak mountains surrounding Bramble-brae. Her brother was now so far recovered as to be able to walk out to parades, and visit the Theatre in the

evening. He had not the power of introducing his sister to the most respectable society in Edinburgh; but he and his brother officers gallanted her to the play-house; Mr Harper ogled her from behind the scenes; spouted plays, and flattered her during their *petits soupers* at her brother's lodgings; all which made time tread with feet light as down.

The Lieutenant's intimacy with Mr Harper, now gave him a fair pretence for obtaining an interview with his adorable. Mr Harper saw how deeply he was smitten, and, relying upon his sister's prudence, gave them several opportunities of meeting. Miss Harper justified the confidence reposed in her by her brother; and while she displayed attractions sufficient to warm the bosom of an ascetic, had the address to repel every libertine advance, even while she cherished and fanned the flame; when a frown clouded her brow, the lightning of love beamed in her eye. The Lieutenant was now a nightly attendant in the boxes, where he sat spell-bound, and fascinated by his angel, as he now termed her.

Such was the state of affairs among the different parties, shortly before our arrival in Edinburgh. Colonel and Mrs Maitland had heard of the Lieutenant's duel, and its consequences; and although there was no friendly intercourse between them, they resolved to call upon him; more particularly as Miss Lightfoot was still his housekeeper; for, as we have already noticed, that lady finding more amusement in Edinburgh than she had lately enjoyed, was in no haste to return.

At the first stage before we arrived in Edinburgh, a post chaise started just as we drove up to the door; the windows being down, we saw that it contained a lady and gentleman, whom Mrs Maitland believed to be her brother, although he was not in regimentals: the lady, she was convinced, was not her sister. We arrived in the afternoon, and in the evening called at Lieutenant Lightfoot's lodgings, and were received by himself: he ushered us into a parlour with apparent confusion; a lady was seated in the room, who rose on our entrance, and seemed

also a little taken by surprise. Colonel Maitland was the first to speak, saying,

"Miss Lightfoot, I presume, brother?"

"Mrs Lightfoot, if you please, Colonel!"

"Ay, Dick, you have stolen a march upon us; to start from the grasp of death, and clasp a young girl in your arms, is indeed a valorous feat!"

"Why, Colonel, you know short sieges are best."

"Yes, yes, all's fair! I wish you joy!"

After some introductions and formalities, which this little colloquy had interrupted, Mrs Maitland inquired for her sister: the Lieutenant replied, that he believed she was gone out, and might be expected immediately; but this was only the maid's account; for, to be candid, he was just newly returned with his bride, and did not know exactly when Miss Lightfoot went out.

We continued to chat for a considerable time, Mrs Lightfoot appearing more at her ease than any one of the company. She began to talk; but I fancied that there was a species of theatrical affectation in her man-

ner. Twilight approached—a carriage drove up to the door, and immediately after a gentleman handed Miss Lightfoot into the room. The Lieutenant started—a sudden flush overspread his face; and he cried, "Sister, what is the meaning of this? Where the d——l have you been?"

"A short jaunt with your friend!"

"Miss Lightfoot, I do not well understand this!"

"Mrs Harper! Sir, if you please," rejoined the gentleman.

"Death and furies, Sir!—Are *you* married to my sister?"

"Blood and thunder, Sir!—Are not *you* married to mine?"

"My sister married to a player!"

"Her sister-in-law is an actress!"

"Sir, you shall repent this!"

"Do you mean my words or my marriage? The sooner you give me cause to repent talking in this style to you, so much the better; as for my connection with this lady (seizing his wife's hand), I hope it is what I shall never repent."

"How did you dare, Sir, to come here?"

"Come, come, brother—it is in vain to be angry—the die is cast—the fates have decided our destiny, and you set us the example."

Conceiving it probable that the parties would sooner come to an understanding, when left to themselves, and that our presence was only adding to their embarrassment, we took leave, and went to our lodgings.

Mrs Maitland made some observations upon the result of Sir Peter's wise system of education; adding, that she knew her mother was also to blame; but as this was a delicate subject, and the consequences quite irretrievable, we allowed it to drop. Believing that this match-making business would be a subject of pretty general conversation next day, we saw no inducement to protract our stay; and therefore set forward on our tour early next morning.

Proceeding to Perth, where we stopped a night, we were informed that, by the direct road, our distance from Dunkeld was only fifteen miles; but it was recommended that

we should make a circuit through the vale of Strathmore, and come down upon Dunkeld, more to the eastward. This was a very pleasant excursion. The valley is intersected in different directions by the Isla, a beautiful river, which, after many turnings, joins the Tay some miles above Perth; between that and Dunkeld, the Tay also takes many a winding sweep, and is embellished with several beautiful villas on its margin. Upon gaining a height on the banks of the river, almost close to the bottom of the hills, Dunkeld burst upon our view, and the *coup d'œil* was delightful indeed. We sat still and gazed on the scene before us. From a deep and beautiful valley, the Tay came rolling almost to our feet, and passed on our left at a great depth below us. On the left bank of the river, in the very bottom and centre of the vale, stood Dunkeld, its white-washed walls reflected from the stream, with the gray venerable spire of its cathedral peeping from the trees; the back ground rising rapidly, its acclivity waving with verdant woods, and the summit crowned with the bold and frowning rock.

So completely is Dunkeld surrounded with hills, that we had some difficulty in discovering where the Tay entered, to embellish this fairy scene. Mr Belfield, who sometimes utters felicitous and expressive similes, said, that the vale might be compared to a punch bowl, with a landscape delineated in the bottom, exhibiting the town and river, while we the spectators might be supposed to be seated on the rim, admiring the scene below. The Duke of Athole has a seat here, which has no claim to particular notice; but the pleasure grounds around are extensive, and laid out with great taste. Strangers are not only allowed to visit them, but also meet with respect and attention from his servants.

The walks along the river, overshaded by majestic trees, extend to a considerable distance, amidst an infinite variety of landscape. I cannot however help observing, that, amidst the wild and sublimely beautiful, false taste has introduced an ornament, which is far from being in unison with the scenery around: I allude to the Hermitage, or Ossian's Hall, as it is frequently termed. After crossing the

Tay, a short and pleasant walk conducted us to the banks of the river Bran, which has its junction with the Tay a little below. The Hermitage is built upon an acclivity, which overlooks a beautiful cascade on the Bran, upon which the eye lingers with delight. The antichamber of this building is plain, its only ornament being a very beautiful painting from Ossian. While the spectator is examining the picture, the attendant touches a spring; the painting, which is upon a sliding pannel, starts aside, and the interior apartment bursts upon the view, with an effect not easily described. The side walls and roof being covered with mirrors, the cascade before mentioned seems to pour its waters from above, around, and in all directions; while the spectator is apt to imagine himself in fairy land, or realizing the fabled scenes of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. All this is very pretty, even fine; but it breaks the train of ideas that one likes to indulge amidst the sublime and beautiful of Nature. Art, invention, and mechanism, are too conspicuous; and produce an effect upon the mind, similar

to what we should feel, if instantly removed from an eminence, where verdant lawns, clustering cottages, lofty spires, shady groves, and distant mountains, were scattered around, and placed in the centre of some citizen's garden, half an acre in extent, decorated with straight-lined boxwood walks, yew trees clipped into fantastic forms, with the pinks and tulips blooming in regular parallelograms, while a leaden triton squirted muddy water from a pool of twenty feet by fifteen. Let me not be understood as ridiculing the decorations of Ossian's Hall; they are beautiful and well imagined; but they are not in unison with the beauties of Nature around them. Still, were I to make a tour of pleasure to any spot that I had already visited, Dunkeld would have the preference.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The way was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek, and tresses gray,
Seemed to have known a better day.
SCOTT.

AFTER leaving Dunkeld, we proceeded to the pass of Killicrankie, celebrated as the spot where the famous Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, defeated General Mackay, but fell in the action; his death ruining the hopes of King James in that part of Scotland.

The scenery here is rudely sublime, and delightfully romantic. Passing a little farther onward, we reached a small but pleasant valley, watered by a rivulet issuing precipitously from the neighbouring mountains. On the left bank of this stream, we observed a hamlet situate on a gentle slope, the inhabi-

tants of which might be considered as isolated and sequestered from the world around them.

Mr Belfield said, that although it would be impossible to load the sheep, which we beheld nibbling on the hills, with gold and precious stones; yet he could most readily suppose this happy spot an El Dorado, where the inhabitants, accustomed to patriarchal simplicity, enjoyed the necessaries of life, without pining for its luxuries.

Colonel Maitland replied, that he was very doubtful whether life could be termed *enjoyment* with them; more probably it was only *existence*. He would admit, that, in a state of nature, the wants of man are few, and easily supplied; but his enjoyments are proportionally limited in their number, and unrefined in quality: "however," said he, "let us approach, and try to judge from what we may see or hear." We entered the village by a sweeping turn, after crossing the rivulet, and observed an old man seated upon a hillock, beneath the shade of a broom shrub in full blossom. He appeared to be tending two

cows and a few sheep grazing near; while some children were amusing themselves with his dog, by tossing sticks and stones into a pool, which the sagacious animal swam or dived for, bringing them to land, and laying them at the children's feet.

Upon approaching the old man, his days seemed to have been protracted beyond the period of threescore and ten years. The snowy tresses of age adorned his head with venerable luxuriance, as he uncovered it on our approach. He was dressed in the costume of the country, every article of his apparel being tartan, and uniform in pattern. The kilt, or philabeg, which did not reach his knee, shewed limbs still muscular, and indicated that his youthful form had been manly and athletic; his stature had been at least six feet, but was now somewhat lowered by a slight bend in the shoulders. Our salute to this mountain-patriarch was returned with ease and respectful confidence. After some common-place observations, we inquired concerning the population, employment, and comforts of the vil-

lagers. From his replies, we understood that their situation

"Just gave what life required, but gave no more;"

that although their wants and desires were limited indeed, still they were subject to many privations, which would have produced not only inconvenience, but distress to persons accustomed to the artificial wants of society. To our inquiries whether he had been born here; he replied, "No; I came from the north about forty years ago." "Are you happier here?" "Yes." "It must be a poor country you have left, when you find this a better?" A slight hectic tinged his furrowed cheek, and he replied: "My own country was once better—but the time is now past—it bears the marks of the spoiler's hand, and I wish to forget it, if possible!" We found that we had conjured up painful recollections, and changed the subject. "Are these your own children?" "No; I am their grandfather: their father died in America, fighting for a King, whom, although I have never opposed, my heart has never acknowledged. I

have seen my rightful prince, and my chief, ruined at Drummossie-muir. I have left my native spot, wandered long, and at last settled here, to linger out a life, which, although I have no right to pronounce unfortunate, has disappointed my fondest hopes." Such were the feelings and painful reminiscences of a man, whom prejudices, which he had imbibed from the cradle, had rendered unhappy.

We inquired whether there was a clergyman or schoolmaster resident in the village; and if there was any inn, or house of entertainment for travellers. He said, the clergyman lived far distant, and he knew little about this corner of his parish, and they as little of him—there was a schoolmaster, who lived hard by; as to an inn, it would be useless, for they saw not a stranger, except two or three, sometimes, in the fine season: but if we would so far honour him, he would, with sincere pleasure, give us Highland fare,—bannocks, cheese, and whisky. His hospitality was proffered in such a manner, that we felt our refusal would give real pain. We therefore cheerfully accepted of his invitation,

and requested him to lead the way. The schoolmaster met us, and our venerable host invited him to bear us company. The economy of a Highland cabin has been often described; suffice it to say, that the furniture was scanty and simple, but every thing appeared to be clean. The whisky was dealt round in a small wooden cup, termed a *queigh*, built like a cask, with staves of different colours, placed alternately, having two ears, and hooped with silver. It was pressed upon all of us, and recommended with such respectful earnestness, that even the ladies could not resist the kind entreaties, with which our host and his wife proffered the cheering beverage. When we offered payment, his eye flashed with the fire of better days. "No, no!" said he, "I have been without money, meat, or friends; but now, thank Heaven! I have sufficient for myself—a friend, and the stranger, who is always welcome!" The children were assembled about the door with faces of inquiring wonder, and after leaving among them what our hospitable Highlanders refused to accept, we took our departure.

The schoolmaster, who accompanied us across the glen, to point out the way, was an intelligent man, and well acquainted with the manners and customs of the country. On the way, he entertained us with the history of our gray-haired host, whose name was Allan M'Leod. When a young man, he had followed his chief to Culloden, in the station of piper—was wounded, and left among the killed—escaped in the dark, and after a fruitless search for his master, and enduring innumerable hardships, a regard to personal safety obliged him to leave the country. When he returned, he found the mansion of his chief and master destroyed, and could obtain no tidings of him, to whom his attachment was unalterable. Spiritless and dejected, he wandered from his native glen to this spot, where he fell sick, and was received into a family, whose daughter he afterwards married, and settled here. A most remarkable and affecting incident afterwards happened to him: "but," said the schoolmaster, "as the story was turned into verse, by a gentleman who was here in the shooting season, and as I happen to have a

copy in my pocket, if you will accept of it—it may perhaps amuse you." On taking leave of the schoolmaster, our curiosity prompted us to a perusal of the verses he had put into our hands, and we read the following simple, but affecting story.

THE WANDERER.

THE sna' was deep, the wind was cauld,
An' haflins past the winter day,
As helpless, hameless, poor, an' auld,
A wanderer sought his weary way.

His thin gray locks waved in the wind;
An' mony a deep indented trace,
That shewed the warld had been unkind,
Was marked upon his manly face.

His plaid, of Scotia's mingling hues,
He clasped, to shield him frae the storm
His feeble limbs, in tartan trews,
Could ill support his bending form.

He turned around, his breath to draw,
Ere he should face the blast again;
An' gladly viewed, o'er glistening sna',
The blue smoke curling up the glen.

It issued frae a hamely cot;
  Its humble roof wi' heather clad;
The weary wanderer bless'd his lot,
  An' slowly sought its peaceful shed.

He brushed the sna'-drift frae his face,
  While feebly tottering to the door;
An' thus, with mild, but manly grace,
  He spoke, slow passing on the floor:—

"A good New-year—God bless you a'!
  Excuse a stranger, poor an' auld;
The days I've seen are now awa',—
  My blood's but thin, the weather's cauld."

It was a patriarchal prayer;
  An' here it was not poured in vain:
Though Highland hills are bleak an' bare,
  Yet there the social virtues reign.

"Come in, goodman;——Jean, tak' his arm:
  Oh! willawins! he's auld an' frail!
Haste, beet the fire, an' lat him warm,
  An' frae his bonnet shak' the hail.

"Now lean you down an' rest a wee;
  (Ye royit smatchets, cease your din!)
Auld man, the tear stands in your e'e,—
  Cheer up, an' ken you're welcome in.

"The day's but short, an' closin' fast,
An' three miles aff's the nearest farm,
You cou'dna thole the norland blast,
Sae just sit still an' had you warm.

"Ay, Jean, that's right! set down the cheese;
Come, friend, your health, an' blythe New-year!
An', lass, put on anither bleeze,
Syne drink the stranger's welcome here!"

"O welcome is a kindly sound,
When utter'd frae a heart sincere;
But lang the poor man's heart may stound,
Ere he its gladsome echo hear.

"Yet now, sae gentle is the smile
That dimples in your Jeanie's cheek,
I'll e'en forget my griefs awhile,
An' at your kindly ingle beek."

"Whare is your haddin', honest frien',
That now you're forced to wander out?
For better days I'm sure you've seen,
You've ance been buirdly, stark, an' stout.'

The stranger sighed—it was a sigh,
The prelude to a mournful tale:
The big tear trembled in his eye,
A hectic flushed his cheek sae pale.

"Alas!" said he, "should I impart
What now compels this tear to flow,
My hapless fate would wring your heart;
For, sooth, it is a tale of wo.

"Yet there is something undefined,
That speaks your sympathy sincere;
I feel an impulse of the mind,
As if I were no stranger here.

"I seenil talk of former days,
An' fain would I forget the past;—
Though bright on me the morning raise,
My day was soon with clouds o'ercast.

"Life's gloamin' was baith lang an' drear;
I'm wanderin' now in midnight gloom,
An' hope the happy hour is near
Will end my sorrows in the tomb.

"Anes plenty smiled around my hame,
An' pleasure sported in my ha';
Baith far an' wide was kent my name,
An' servants answered at my ca'.

"The beggar, wanderin' frae my door,
Wad turn an' sigh a silent prayer;
But lang thae happy days are o'er,
Since poortith left its blessing there.

"Love buskit up my marriage bower,
An' fair was she, who sat within;
Sweet as the summer-scented flower,
Whose dewy head nods o'er the linn.

"You've seen the lily's bosom spread,
Pure as the mountain drifted sna,'
An' sighed, to view its sickly head
Amang the dust condemned to fa':

"So fell, before her bloom was past,
My lovely Anna's angel form:
Untimely was the bitter blast,
That laid her lifeless in the storm!

"I kiss'd her cheek, sae cauld an' pale
(Her lip nae langer whispered love,)
An' cried, 'O bear her to the vale,
Where fondly we were wont to rove!

"When laid beneath our favourite thorn,
My wonted tryst I'll fondly keep;
I'll watch her till the dewy morn,
An' then—so soundly's we shall sleep!

"Alas! my heart o'er-looked a pair
Of younglings, nestling by my side,
Who, lisping, claimed a father's care;
For they had been my Anna's pride.

"Have you not seen twa rose buds spring,
Ae slender stalk their prop an' stay,
While westlin' winds, with ruthless wing,
Would shake them on their slender spray?

"Such fate was theirs—and could I go
An' leave my prattlers thus forlorn?
I heard a voice, which answered—'No!'
'Twas whispered from my favourite thorn!

"Ah me! my tale is full of grief,
And why should I your bosom tear?
But yet it gives my heart relief,
To pour my woes in Pity's ear!



"Ay mirk and mirker grew the gloom;
Pale sickness made love's pledges fa':
So violets droop in early bloom,
When freezing winds around them bla'.

"I saw the hapless victims pine,
I saw th' unequal conflict o'er;
Death closed their eyes—so stars decline,
To rise on some far happier shore.

" A grassy turf was o'er them spread,
Their sainted mother sleeping by;
I felt that every joy was fled,
And wondered how I could not die!

" Life lost for me its every charm;
I wished the feverish dream to close;
My joyless heart, nae langer warm,
Now languished for its last repose.

" While thus that heart was dead to a'
That floated o'er my vacant mind,
One morn, I frae my window saw
A banner waving in the wind;

" An' mony a chieftain thranged around,
Frae mountain cove an' Highland glen,
Of glad huzzas they raised the sound,
Till ilka rock replied again.

" Forth stept a stately blooming youth;
My trembling hand he fondly press'd,
An' spoke of valour, faith, an' truth,
An' clasped me to his princely breast.

" My heart, that had sae lang been dead.
With olden tales began to warm;
His banner waved aboon my head—
I yielded to the witching charm.

"I bound his badge around my brow,
(For hame had nae delights for me,)
An' something bade my bosom glow
With fancied triumphs yet to be.

"To share my fate young Allan came,
An' nane but me his worth could prize:
In serving weed, pure friendship's flame
Beamed ardent in his youthful eyes.

"He lang had sought to sooth my grief,
An' tried my tedious hours to cheer;
When a' had failed to bring relief,
I've seen him hide the starting tear.

"O'er plashy muirs and mountains red,
We rushed upon the Lawland fields:
Peace, frighted, flew, and Valour bled,
And kindred blood bedewed our shields.

"As down Schihallion's steepy side,
The gathering sna'-ba' rows alang,
So, thicker still, in kilted pride,
The feudal clans around us thrang.

"Loud raired the awsome din of war!
Hope cheered us on with glamour vain—
At last, up rose the baleful star
That beamed aboon Culloden's plain.

"I saw my friends around me fa',
My Prince and leader forced to flee!
I rushed whare thick the bullets fla',
But ball and braid-sword lichtlied me!

"It was my faithfu' Allan's post,
With saul-inspiring pipe to cheer,
And when he saw the day was lost,
His e'en like fire-flaughts bruinded clear.

"He rushed into the thickest thrang,
He urged them on with heart and hand;
He blew a pibroch loud and lang—
The trembling cowards wadna stand!

"I sought him on the gory plain,
His pipe nae langer echoed there;
'Midst livin' crowds, an' heaps of slain,
In vain was a' my anxious care."

The landlord started from his chair,—
Again sat down and looked on Jean;
He sighed as if his heart was sair,
Held down his head, and dight his een.

The salt tear blinded Jeanie's e'e,
That gazed upon the stranger's form;
"Auld man, proceed,—Och hon o' rie!
You've suffered sadly in the storm."

"Alas!" said he, "a tale of pain
Is a' remains for me to tell!
Why did I leave Drummossie plain,
Where many a clan and kinsman fell?

"Though life had nought that I could prize,
Yet there my heart refused to stay;
It shuddered at the mournful cries
Of friends, who round me gasping lay.

"With him whose hopes were ever lost,
I clamb the hills of heather brown;
My native glen we silent crossed,
And 'mang the bushes laid us down.

"I teeted through my garden door—
Alas! I durstna venture in;
For there I heard loud riot roar,
And shuddered at the mirthful din.

"I mused upon my wayward fate,
The tear was trembling in my e'e;
Now lurking thief-like at the yate,
The hame my fathers left to me.

"And he was cowring at my side,
Whose early hopes were crossed for ay;
Yet, 'midst the wreck of princely pride,
His mind was calm baith night and day.

" I tried to check the rising sigh,
And turned my head to dight the tear;
But ilka weel kend object nigh,
Was to my recollection dear.

" The woodbine budded round the bower,
Whose twigs my Anna's hands had twined;
The green bank smiled with mony a flower,
Where we in happier days reclined.

" My faithful dog, who'd missed me sair,
By secret instinct kent me near;
He barked—approached our hidlin' lair—
His presence filled my heart with fear.

" There was a life more dear than mine,
And Oscar's love might that betray!
Another bark, one grateful whine,
Might lead the hunters to their prey!

" Yet he was dear—in happier hours,
He fondly jumped by Anna's side;—
I drew my sword—O gracious powers!
For Oscar I would gladly died!

" I raised my arm;—he creeping fawned,
And by my side lay stretched alang;
In silence licked my trembling hand,
And saved my heart one bitter pang.

"Red rose the braid moon through the trees,
But redder was the light we saw,
When, like the sheeted lightning's bleeze,
The fire came bruinding frae my ha'!

"I heard the flame, like mountain blast,
Sheugh loudly through the darkened air;
While fiery flaughts around us passed;
Nae wonder though my heart was sair!

"The bleeze had banished midnight gloom;
It flashed upon the mountain side;
It scorched the trees in vernal bloom;
Stern Ruin spread his havoc wide.

"Destruction's work was scarcely done,
When dawned the smile of early morn;
Her beam, that on the mountain shone,
Saw me beneath my blooming thorn.

"The grass was green on Anna's bed;
I drunk the dew-drops glittering there;
Upon her turf I laid my head,
And soon forgot all earthly care!

"Long was the time I lingered near,
Though short and sweet it seemed to me;
For she, who had been ever dear,
Still hovered near our favourite tree.

"I twined the woodbine o'er her head;
 The primrose pale, and violet sweet,
Their fragrance on her bosom shed;
 The wild-rose blushing at her feet.

"When cold the night-dews fell around,
 I laid my head on Anna's breast;
My bed was soft, my sleep was sound,
 And heavenly visions made me blest.

"I know it was my wandering brain;
 But why did reason e'er return?
I ne'er shall be so blest again;
 Why did I wake alone to mourn?

"Like him who fearless led me forth,
 I wandered now without a hame;
An outcast from my native North,
 And traitor branded on my name.

"The withered fern has been my bed,
 And mountain berries a' my fare;
The sea-beat cave my wintry shed,
 My couch its polished pebbles bare!

"'Twas not because I wished to live;
 I languished to resign my breath,
And scorned each joy that life could give,
 But would not die a traitor's death.

"Now hushed the din of party-strife,
I seek the cheerful haunts of men;
In hope my lengthened thread of life
Will guide me to my native glen.

"'Tis not the mansion I possessed,
Nor lands around, that claim my care;
A lovelier house, of holier rest,
Awaits my weary footsteps there!

"'Tis where the hawthorn's branches wave,
I'll there the load of life resign;
And, laid in Anna's peaceful grave,
Her mouldering dust will mix with mine!"

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"O, dinna rend your Allan's heart!
Come to my arms, my master dear!
Though late we've met, nae mair we part,
Till death the tender tie shall tear!

"They dragged me frae Drummossie-muir,
Wi' bluidy head an' heart fu' sair;
I pined upon a dungeon floor,
Till life seemed hardly worth my care:

" Set free, I wandered up an' down,
Through dowie strath an' dreary glen;
Frae Highland hut to Lowland town;
In hope to meet you anes again.

" My house, though sma', is cosh and clean;
You'se neither want for meat nor claes:
When summer comes, my kindly Jean
Will lead you to the gowany braes:

" There, seated in a lythie nook,
You'll tent my twa-three lammies play;
And see the siller burnie crook,
And list the laverock's sang sae gay.

" In winter nights, when I'm set down,
Auld-warld tales will time beguile;
And seasons, aft revolving round,
Shall see my good auld master smile!

" And if I'm spared to close your e'en,
I'll lay you in your favourite glen,
Beneath your Anna's turf of green,
Till you together wake again!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Throughout the lanes she glides at evening's close,
There softly lulls her infant to repose;
Then sits and gazes, but with viewless look,
As gilds the moon the rimpling of the brook;
Then sings her vespers, but in voice so low,
She hears their murmurs as the waters flow;
And she, too, murmurs, and begins to find
The solemn wanderings of a wounded mind.

CRABBE.

AFTER parting with the schoolmaster, we took the nearest course to Loch Tay. The weather continued fine, our society was peculiarly agreeable, and I felt an elasticity, both of body and mind, to which I had long been a stranger. It was twilight when we arrived at Kenmore; we had made a long stage, and the ladies were a little fatigued; we therefore retired at an early hour.

My bed-chamber had a commanding view of Loch Tay; the evening was serene, the sky beautiful, and the moon, full-orbed, ascending the azure vault amidst a few thin fleecy clouds of snowy whiteness, formed a fine contrast to the western twilight, which varied in a diversity of shades, from a pale gold colour to the deepest purple. A line of silver light seemed to run across the lake, occasionally broken, when a cloud intercepted the moon's rays. I felt no inclination to sleep, and wrapping myself in a *robe de chambre*, I sat down at the window to admire the beauties of the surrounding scenery. All was still around me: I had nearly half an hour enjoyed this pleasing solemn state of nature, when the impressive silence was interrupted by notes of plaintive wildness, which not only melted upon my ear, but thrilled into my heart. Starting from my reverie, and, perhaps, prepared by the visionary ideas I had been indulging, I at first imagined the music to proceed from some aerial inhabitant of this romantic region; but, after listening a little longer, I was convinced that they were

uttered by a female voice, and were the effusion of passion and feeling. It is impossible for me to describe the modulations of sound, and the melting cadences, as I felt them at the time; even now, at the distance of years, I can still imagine them falling on my ear. They ceased; but I still sat in anxious expectation that they would be resumed. After a pause of about five minutes, the same voice again began, apparently in another direction, and, as I believed, nearer than before. So interested did I feel in the sounds, that I was afraid to breathe, lest I should lose a note. The music, as I have said, was impassioned; and it may be conceived how much my interest in the unknown songstress was heightened, upon hearing it accompanied by the following words:

The mavis is silent, the blackbird is still,
  The cushat nae langer is heard to complain;
There once was a time, when, as fearless of ill,
  I lay down as light, and rose blythely again:
Ah! poor hapless Flora!—thae days are awa'!
  And peace to my bosom will never return;
Nane dight the salt tears on my bosom that fa';
  Nae tongue whispers hope as in anguish I mourn!

The head of the muir-fowl is wet with the dew,
  Yet calmly she sleeps on the brown mountain's breast;
She thought of chill gloamin', and homeward she flew,
  To cover her younglings that cowr in their nest:
Bright morning will rise, and they'll meet her with joy:
  I, too, am a mother—yet nightly I weep;
Though pressed to my bosom—ay cauld is my boy;
  O wauken, my Colin! ye've ta'en a lang sleep!

There was a plaintive wildness, and irregularity in the air, to which these words were warbled; and the pathos of the whole so melancholy, that my feelings were completely overpowered.

I had still kept my eye fixed upon the spot from whence these mournful tones had proceeded, when, just at the angle of a garden wall, the moon-beams fell on the face of a female, as she slowly turned the corner.

Anxious, but afraid to lift the sash, lest the noise should alarm her, I had only an imperfect view through the glass; but I imagined that her complexion was pale, and her countenance forlorn: her hair was dishevelled, and hung in irregular tresses on her neck and shoulders. Her dress it is impossible to de-

scribe; some fantastical ornaments appeared to adorn her head, and her whole costume was such as I had never before seen. She seemed to hold something to her breast with anxious fondness, and as she stole along, glanced wistfully around her; then, looking with an air of disappointment, she mournfully ejaculated, "No, no! hush, Colin, hush!" and laying her hand gently on what I conceived to be a child, pillowed on her bosom, vanished with a quick and sudden step.

I continued at the window, expecting that she would return; but all remained silent. Although I never felt less inclination to sleep, yet the chillness of the night air warned me to retire; and I went to bed, my mind agitated with feelings so keen (although I hardly knew why), that I could not sleep. It was late in the morning before I fell into a slumber, and when I came down to breakfast, my countenance was so pale and rueful as to alarm my friends. In reply to their anxious inquiries, I related my nocturnal adventure, upon which they rallied me not a little; and while they admitted that the out-

line might be correct, insisted that my keen sensibility, aided by imagination, had given the whole that colouring, which appeared to have operated so powerfully upon my mind. We at length resolved to call the landlord, and inquire whether he could give us any information upon the subject.

When the ladies had retired, we requested his attendance. I had stated only a few particulars, when our host exclaimed, "Oh, poor thing! it is Flora M'Donald."

"And who is Flora M'Donald?" we all eagerly inquired.

"A poor unfortunate lassie."

"Unfortunate she must have been! Do you know her story?"

"God bless you, gentlemen, it is rather a melancholy tale; the more's the pity to be sure. I can hardly give a reason why, but indeed I never like to tell it, for, to be plain, I feel such an inclination to curse the author of her misfortunes, that I wish (if it were possible) to forget him altogether. Flora M'Donald's parents live about half a score of miles from this, on the estate of Glenocath.

Her father being a very steady, active man, and servant to the laird, had given his daughter a good education; his neighbours said it was above her station. She could read, write, sew, and several things more, I believe; but Flora deserved it, for she wrought like a negro, sang like a *lintie*, was always contented and cheerful; and, although her hand was at every job, she was as clean and neat as a new pin, every time she had occasion to go an errand. Her mother took it into her head, that if she could get the lassie into the Lady of Glenbeath's service, it would be a desirable thing. The place was obtained, and much ill-will did it cost her from the neighbours; for although none of their daughters were half so well qualified, they could not see that. and their envy was equal to their ignorance and disappointment:—but I am afraid I shall become tiresome, although I wish to state the causes of the poor lassie's fall." We entreated him to go on.

"Well, gentlemen, this was about four years ago: Flora was then as cantie a strappin' cummer as ever speeled a brae;—her age

about fifteen or sixteen. She filled her place with great credit to herself and satisfaction to her lady; attended her to church on Sunday; sat next her during the service; and walked out with her evenings and mornings; read, sung, and did every thing to please and amuse her mistress; when, lack-a-day for poor Flora! her good lady was suddenly seized with a disorder, which carried her off in a few days. The laird was a poor, silly, helpless creature, and had been so much accustomed to the attentions of his lady and Flora, that the lady, on her death-bed, entreated Flora not to leave him. Her father wished her to go home, making excuse to the laird that her mother required her assistance. The laird, crying like a child, sent for her mother, and entreated her to leave Flora, and he would provide for her. The mother, vain to see her lassie of so much importance, and perhaps thinking to better her fortune, allowed her to remain.

"A little after, the young laird came home from college—a genteel strappin' blade, with a fine face, and winning address, and—you will

anticipate the consequences. Within about a year after, poor Flora fell a prey to the young laird—rascal! that I should call him so. I need not be more particular: the moment that her father heard it, the poor old man sent for her to the garden, where he was at work. Her appearance confirmed the tale: trembling with grief, and scarcely able to stand, he contrived to lead her home. When tears would allow him to speak, he inquired whether the young laird was her seducer. She confessed that he was; but that he had promised to marry her.

"Next day, the old man waited on the heir of Glenbeath, who, denying any such promise, first attempted to sooth, and then insulted the disconsolate father, and turned from him with contempt. The scandal now became public. The parson of the parish is a man, rigid both in the doctrines and discipline of the kirk. Flora was summoned to the Session: she went, accompanied by her father; and on examination, having acknowledged her crime, was ordered to appear three successive Sundays, to do public penance in the church, that the whole congregation might

take an example, and be edified by her disgrace.

"The poor creature fell upon her knees before them, and, sobbing in agony and bitterness of heart, exclaimed, that she would beg pardon of all of them, as she had often done already of God Almighty, for the crime which she had committed; but, clasping and wringing her hands, most earnestly entreated that they would not insist upon her appearing before the congregation. The minister was inexorable; and she was told, that no deviation could be made from the rules of the kirk, and that she must appear, or undergo the pains and sentence of excommunication. Although the poor lassie did not exactly know what this imported, she considered it as replete with horror and punishment, which she trembled to contemplate. From that time, to the first Sunday of her penance, she hardly spoke, and seemed lost in thought. Her mother had promised to accompany her to church; but before the important day, sickness had laid the old woman low, and it was essentially necessary for her husband to stay at home

and attend her. Application was made to some of the people in the village; but neither maid nor matron would accompany poor Flora;—they had all before envied her, and now, with the meanness of little minds, they triumphed in her fall.

"She sat by her mother's bedside until all the congregation were assembled; then rose without speaking—shook hands with her mother—hastily flung on her mantle, and, rushing out of doors, proceeded to church. The audience was very crowded, and the worship begun before her arrival. With the hood of her mantle drawn over her head, so as almost to cover her face, she proceeded, with faltering steps, to the penitential chair, *alias* the cutty stool, which, I presume you know, is a small seat appropriated to this purpose, distinct from the others, and placed in a conspicuous part of the church.

"Although not daring to look up, a general stir in the assembly informed her that every eye was directed towards her; those who were seated near her, observed that she continued to tremble during the service; and

when called upon by name to stand up, she twice attempted it, and as often sunk down: at length, by a kind of convulsive effort, she grasped the front of the seat with both hands, and rather leaned than stood—the trembling victim of austerity and malignant scorn.

"The proud expounder of the law began with the recital of her crime, aggravated, he said, by the rank of her partner in iniquity, who was no match for her in lawful wedlock. This Boanerges then proceeded to pronounce the fulminations of the moral law against her; and, far from imitating the example of his blessed Master, in a case of more aggravated guilt, told her, that he would speak no peace to her soul, till she was farther humbled in the sight of God and man; and concluded by ordering her to continue her appearance next Sunday.

"Again she sunk trembling on her seat, covering her face with her hands. When the congregation dispersed, it was observed that she did not come out. At length an old woman, on whom the majority of the village

had charitably fixed the epithet of *witch*, had the compassion to re-enter the church, and look for her. She found the poor girl, not absolutely in a faint, but in a stupor, sunk motionless on the seat. After a little attention, she so far recovered as to be able to stand when assisted to rise, and soon after to walk. She allowed the old woman to lead her, without either declining her assistance, or thanking her for her kindness. On arriving at home, she flew to the bed where her mother lay, covered her face with the clothes, and burst into a flood of tears. She retired early to bed, and was never again seen out of doors, till she became the mother of a boy, about three months after her appearance at church. Her mother had continued ill, and Flora's recovery was very slow. A message was sent to the young squire, who despatched a servant and nurse to receive the child. It was lying on its mother's bosom, and drawing that nourishment from her breast, which nature has so kindly provided: the unfeeling messenger attempted to snatch it from her. Flora held it with convulsive struggle—

they loosed her hands—removed the infant—she shrieked and fainted away. She recovered from the swoon, but her reason was gone: she cried incessantly for her child, and blamed every one who entered the house for carrying away her Colin.

"Her restoration to health was now rapid; but every ray of reason seemed to be lost, except that she still retained the recollection of her baby, and called for him almost incessantly. As this idea haunted her day and night, utterly preventing sleep, it was suggested that a large painted doll should be substituted, in hopes that this would pacify her: and the scheme succeeded beyond expectation. From this doll she never parts; it rests on her bosom night and day, sleeping and waking; she dresses and undresses it ten times a day; sings it to sleep; chides it that it will not awake, and complains of its being always cold.

"For several months they succeeded in keeping her at home; but since that time she has wandered over the country, dressing herself fantastically, singing and crying alternately. She will often be whole weeks ab

sent, but has never been known to ask a morsel of food. She will at times seek conversation with strangers, but generally shuns them. From some interviews that we have lately had with her here, she does not appear to me quite so insane as she was formerly, and will sometimes converse with an appearance of rationality.

" Such, gentlemen, is poor Flora's unhappy story, about which there has been no little talk in this country-side. Some people blame her mother, for allowing her to stay at the squire's after his lady's death: many sensible and respectable folks think, that the parson shewed more zeal than Christian meekness, in refusing to dispense with her public appearance, when she exhibited such strong signs of repentance on her examination; and they do not hesitate to say, that his dragging her forth as a public spectacle, is the principal cause of her present melancholy situation. For my own part, gentlemen, I am inclined to think they are not far in the wrong; and I am rather doubtful whether, upon the whole, cutty-stools do not occasion more harm

than good. As an individual, I have no cause of private dislike to them, and therefore bear them no malice, as one may say; but it has often occurred to me, that the dread of public shame has produced still-born children, oftener than it has prevented the crime. I am no philosopher, gentlemen, and cannot pretend to explain the operations of the human mind, as it is done in some books that I have read; but, indeed, I somehow think that my opinion is right, although I cannot well express all that I feel on the subject. But I beg your pardon, gentlemen, and shall conclude poor Flora's unhappy story, by informing you, that the old laird of Glenbeath died this spring. His son is now laird; and every body expected that he would do something to make the poor lassie more comfortable in her melancholy situation; but he appears to be an unfeeling dog, and, caring for nobody's opinion, is generally despised. The folks around have often talked of sending the poor girl where she would be properly taken care of; but the expense would be heavy, and nobody has ever made an attempt to set

on foot a subscription, which is indeed a pity—a very great pity! Her mother, it is believed, will never again rise from her bed; and poor Colin M'Donald, her husband, can do little more than wait upon her: were it not for the kindness of a few, they would suffer much indeed."

At the name of Colin M'Donald, Mr Belfield immediately recollected, that the name of his servant's father was Colin, and that he resided somewhere in this quarter: he therefore expressed his apprehensions, that Flora was Donald's sister.

"Pray," said Mr Belfield, "do you know whether they have any sons?" "Yes," replied the landlord, "they have a son, Donald, a stout lad, who went south some years ago, and, I have heard, is in a gentleman's service in the low country."

Mr Belfield, who had a humane and feeling heart, appeared much agitated. After a few general observations, the landlord left the room.

As we were to spend two or three days here, Mr Belfield had proposed to give Donald liber-

ty this day to see his parents ; and as there was now hardly a doubt, that Flora was his sister, we were all much interested in the affair, and afraid that the news had already reached him, or that he might even have seen his sister. Wishing to ascertain the first circumstance, as the landlord had shewn himself a sensible man, we again called him in, and inquired, whether he thought he would know Flora's brother. He replied in the affirmative. Our fears were then communicated to him ; a pretence was found for calling in Donald, that the landlord might see him ; and, upon his retiring, the landlord said, he was perfectly satisfied that Donald was poor Flora's brother. He recollected hearing it mentioned, that the father had been anxious, that his son should not hear of his sister's misfortune, until they should see what turn things might take. The landlord further added, that it was reported, and very generally believed, that the squire was soon to be married to a young lady, somewhere near the low country.

On the landlord's departure, Donald was again sent for : his manner shewed that he

was yet ignorant of the matter. He was told, that he was to have that day to visit his parents; but, in the mean time, he was so employed, that there was no chance of his obtaining any new information for some time; and we sat down to deliberate what should be done.

After serious consideration, it was resolved that Mr Belfield should ride out, take his servant with him, communicate the story in the gentlest manner possible, and take the father's house in their way. They accordingly set off together.

We were now joined by the ladies, to whom we related the particulars of hapless Flora's misfortunes, which, it is unnecessary to say, awakened the tenderest feelings of their amiable minds, and bathed their cheeks in tears. To remove, in some degree, the melancholy impressions which our communication had made, we walked out, and chose a rather sequestered scene, where there might be less chance of meeting strangers. Having proceeded about a mile, surrounded by some very pleasant plantations and shrubbery, we reached a point,

where the path turned round a clump of trees, and winded along a declivity, thickly covered with ornamental shrubs, except where the rude gray rock thrust up its head. As we stood still admiring the scene, "Hush!" said Mrs Belfield, "I hear a voice!" We listened, and heard it distinctly. "It is Flora M'Donald!" cried I. Having understood, from the landlord, that she was timid, and perfectly harmless, I told them there was nothing to fear; and following the sound, we approached nearer, with light and cautious steps. An angle of the shrubbery was between the poor maniac and us; and we contrived to have a good profile view of her, at not more than twenty yards distance, with hardly any risk of being seen by her.

She sat on a mossy hillock, in the position of holding a child to her bosom, which she tenderly patted, singing a plaintive lullaby. Her dress consisted of a tartan wrapper, which, although of an uncommon make, appeared neat, and even elegant. A tucker, which we supposed to be lace, was fantastically arranged about the neck and breast; but we afterwards

discovered, that it was white paper, cut with a regularity and taste that were truly astonishing. Her fine auburn hair floated negligently over her shoulders; a small gipsy straw bonnet, tied on with a black ribbon, was nearly covered with wild flowers of almost infinite variety. Her complexion, although sun-burnt, was wan and faded: she had never been what would be termed a beauty; yet there was a very pleasing expression and delicacy in her features; her nose was slightly aquiline, and her eyes black and piercing.

While we continued to observe her, she appeared to fondle her child, clasping it to her bosom, and crying, "Hush, hush, Colin! shall I sing to my baby?—Hark to the linnet and the sky-lark!—there! tira-lira-lee-lee-lira-lira;" and she imitated the notes, with a beautiful wildness of manner and sweetness of voice. Again she continued: "That's my sweet deary!—never mind the meikle dog of Glenbeath!—he daresna bite little Colin—we'll keep awa' till he's dead—syne dawtie —ay after that—we'll see—we'll see!

"O Martinmas wind, when will ye blaw?
An' shake the green leaves frae the tree?
I wish I were in a green grass grave,
For a maid again I'll never be!"

No language can express the pathos with which she sung these simple lines; they thrilled through our hearts like electric fire. Anxious to approach, and yet afraid to alarm her, we stept gently round the corner, which, by the time we had turned it, placed us quite near her. Upon hearing us, she gave a sudden start, and turned her head.

"How do you do, Flora?" said Mrs Maitland, extending her hand, as we approached her.

"Thank you! thank you!" said Flora, courtseying, for she had risen from the bank.

"Give me your hand, Flora."

"No, no, lady! it is impure!—no lady will touch poor Flora now!"

The ladies offered her some confectionaries.

"Dear, good ladies, ye dinna ken that Flora broke her mither's heart!—give them to Colin—he's a good boy."

Colonel Maitland and I had stood at a lit-

the distance: upon our approaching nearer, she started with frightful wildness, and screamed out, "Ah!—the meikle black minister!" and she trembled in every limb. I was dressed in black, and she doubtless conceived that I was the clergyman, who had so dreadfully frightened her. I retired, and Colonel Maitland, stepping up, solicited her hand.

"I never speak to gentlemen now—but you are old—Have you a son?—Was you ever in love?—Do not touch me—I have that disease—They took me to that ugly minister—he cannot cure love—but, O dear! dear! how he frightened poor Flora!"

"But, Flora, I am a doctor; let me feel your arm."

She held it out, and stretched her taper fingers, one of which was ornamented with a ring. As Colonel Maitland held her hand, she lifted it, and laid it on her heart, crying, "There, there! my pulse is there!—the black minister drove it there, and it has never been quiet since!" Indeed, it palpitated violently.

"You have a ring, Flora," said Mrs Belfield; "will you accept of another from me?"

"From you!" looking with astonishment, "Would you too marry poor Flora?—I got this ring from my husband!—they say he is dead—but they mock poor simple Flora—He is not dead—I see him often!"

"Where do you see him, Flora?"

"He comes as soon as I fall asleep, and folds me and little Colin in his arms—but he leaves us the moment I awake, for fear of the minister—I know I am a poor simple lassie, but I think—were that frightful minister-dead—perhaps—there might yet be peace in the world for poor Flora.

"O, but I'm weary, weary wandering!
  O, but I think it lang!
Balloo, my boy, lie still and sleep,
And dinna wauken to hear me weep!"

After crying bitterly for some time, as Mrs Belfield was wiping her tears with a handkerchief, she sobbed out, "O, I am a silly fool, and giving good folks much trouble!"

"Will you accept this handkerchief from me, Flora? it may be useful afterwards."

"Thank you kindly! you will be as good as my lady—if you live as long!"

"Was your lady kind to you?"

"O, good, good!—But she is gone to heaven—she shook my hand, and said, 'Farewell—be a good girl, Flora!' O that she had taken me and little Colin with her!—The minister says, I have been bad, bad! and that I will not get to heaven:—

"O, lat me in this ae night!
This ae, ae, ae night!"

The wild notes, which she occasionally and so unexpectedly warbled, were indeed heart-piercing.

"Where is your home, Flora?"

"Far, far away,

"O'er the muir amang the heather."

"Where do you sleep at night?"

"With the cock on the mountain, the lamb on the lea!
Under the greenwood, greenwood tree!"

Observing Mrs Belfield turn round, as if about to go, she seized her hand, and cried,

"Will you leave me too?—A' body shuns poor Flora now!

"The trees are high, and the leaves are green
The days are awa' that I have seen!"

Then heaving a deep sigh, she continued, varying the air,

"O Willie's rare, and Willie's fair,
And Willie's wondrous bonny;
And Willie promised to marry me,
If e'er he married ony!"

The variations of her countenance, the keen sparkling of her eye, and the wild pathos of her voice, affected the feelings so much, that the two ladies wept bitterly.

"O, good ladies, why do you weep?—Were you at the kirk?—Did the black minister scold you?

"Dinna greet to grieve me, lassie! dinna greet to grieve me!
Whistle, and I'll come to ye, my lad!"

"O, dinna be angry, ladies; Flora would fain laugh, though her heart's sair.

"I am a poor maiden forsaken, yet I bear a contented mind!"

This scene, although highly interesting, was become too painful; yet we hardly knew how to leave her. It then occurred to us, that she might be prevailed upon to accompany us to the inn, and take a comfortable meal.

Mrs Belfield again addressed her: "Will you go with me, Flora?"

"O, dinna mock me!—I canna trust gentle folks, since my good lady died—there was ane that said he liked Flora—Hush, Colin! we'll see him again yet—at night, when the moon shines."

"No, Flora, I will not mock you; come away, my love!"

"Ah! *my love!* that's just what he said —I maunna believe you!"

After some soothing, however, she accompanied us, singing and talking to her doll. She was brought into a room, and tea made for her. She placed the doll upon a sofa, pillowing its head, and covering it with a shawl; sat down to breakfast, and helped herself to bread and butter, with an ease and propriety scarcely to be exceeded; talked with considerable coherence; and we began to imagine it

very possible, that, with proper management, she might still be restored to herself and the world.

We solicited, and obtained her promise to stay at home, and we would visit her in a few days. She was further prevailed upon, to allow a guide from the inn to accompany her to her father's.

It was night before Mr Belfield and his servant returned. Donald had been very much agitated at the relation of his sister's melancholy situation, and returned with his master in a very thoughtful mood.

Mr Belfield listened with much interest, as we detailed our interview with Flora, and expressed his wishes, that she could be placed in some asylum, where, with proper attention, there might be a probability of the poor girl's recovery.

Next morning, such articles of clothing as the ladies could spare from their wardrobe, and some other little things to be had at the inn, were made up in a parcel, and given to Donald, who had solicited leave to ride over again to see his sister, knowing that she was

now gone home. The poor fellow set out with a grateful, though heavy heart. We endeavoured to pass the day with cheerfulness; but the recollection of Flora interrupted every effort to enjoy ourselves.

Night came, and Donald did not return; but, as we supposed that he had stopped all night with his parents, his absence did not alarm us. Another day, however, passed; and as he did not make his appearance, we began to be rather uneasy, although hardly knowing what to fear.

On the following morning, while we were at breakfast, a gentleman in the neighbourhood sent in his name, and requested to see Mr Belfield. After being introduced, and understanding that we were all of the same party, he thus addressed Mr Belfield.

"I presume, Sir, I am correct in supposing that you are the master of Donald M'Donald; and I have also reason to believe, that you are already acquainted with the melancholy story of his sister Flora?"

Upon Mr Belfield's replying in the affirmative, he continued:

"I last night witnessed such manly conduct in your servant, in behalf of his unhappy sister, as impelled me, although a stranger, to call this morning, and introduce myself, that I might inform you of the particulars."

Having been rather surprised by Donald's absence, we expressed our anxiety, and begged the gentleman to proceed.

"It seems," said he, "that Donald was sent by you to his father's, where he had an interview with his sister; and her piteous situation, with the distressed state of his parents, had completely overpowered his feelings. He stopped all night, and next day rode to Glenbeath, to obtain an interview with her seducer. On arriving there, he found the squire was not at home; but, obtaining some information of his tract, he followed him, and soon learned that he was gone to Glenbracken, where there was to be a ball that evening.

"The poor fellow's mind was probably more heated with resentment, when he thought of the despicable seducer's engaging in such amuse-

ments, while the hapless victim of his villany was in so deplorable a state. On arriving at Glenbracken, he put up his horse, knocked at the door of the ball-room, and inquired if Mr R—— was there. The servant who answered told him, that he was gone out with his master, and some other gentlemen, a little ago, to an inn a few yards off. The agitation of Donald's face and manner did not escape the observation of some persons who passed him at the ball-room door; and he was also recognised as the brother of Flora M'Donald. The tale soon circulated in the room, where every one knew and commiserated the poor girl; but, before this, Donald had gone to the inn.

"Suspicions arose in the company, that some disagreeable occurrence might take place; for your servant, when in this quarter of the country, was known to possess both a brawny arm and an independent mind.

"Along with a few others, I hastened to the inn, and, by a little address, succeeded in obtaining admission into a room adjoining to that which Donald had just entered with squire R——, and separated only by a wooden

partition. We could distinctly hear all that passed, and were just in time for the commencement of the following dialogue.

'Are you Mr R—— of Glenbeath?'

'Yes, Sir.'

'I am Flora M'Donald's brother.'

'Well—and what then?'

'Is she not the mother of your son?'

'I am not to be questioned by a servant in livery.'

'I shall see that.' And we heard the room-door immediately locked.

'Sir, this is very extraordinary—please to recollect, Sir, that I am a gentleman.'

'I wish you had recollected that yourself, Sir, when you seduced and ruined my sister.'

'Why, young man, I cannot say but that I am sorry, very sorry, at the turn things have taken; it is more than I expected.'

'No doubt, you expected, because my sister was poor, and her parents helpless, that no one would dare to say you had done wrong. She is now a poor forlorn wanderer, lost to herself and the world; her mother is stretched on a sick-bed, broken-hearted by the fate of

her daughter; and my father pining under poverty and a wounded spirit. And all this is your work!'

'I have often thought of inquiring after them; but something shall be done to relieve them.'

'And what is it you intend to do?'

'Why, they shall have a little money.'

'And my sister?'

'If she does not get better, she must be sent to an asylum, where she will be cared for, and under proper management.'

'And if she does get better?'

'Why, then, she may do very well.'

'As how?'

'She may perhaps get a husband.'

'I am glad to hear you say so, and to find that you intend making her all the recompense in your power.'

'Indeed I was always fond of Flora; and were an offer to come in her way, I would not hesitate upon giving her and her husband a little trifle to furnish their house, and set them down comfortably.'

'So, you wish my sister to marry another?'

'I do not understand you.'

'Did not you promise to marry Flora?'

'Young man, you surprise me; I thought you had common sense!'

'Come, come, Sir; no trifling—to the point at once. Did not you promise to marry Flora M'Donald?'

'When? where? produce your witnesses!'

'Lay your hand upon your heart, Sir; there you will find a witness, who even now tells you. and will upon your death-bed tell you, in a voice of thunder, that you seduced my sister under promise of marriage!'

'Young man, be calm; consider who I am.'

'I am afraid I know that too well already—but I degrade myself by holding longer conversation—So, in one word, Mr R——, will you marry my sister, provided she is restored to her senses?'

'Why, Sir, I believe you are now as mad as she!'

'This from you, Sir! However, that I may not be deemed unreasonable, will you give me a written obligation to marry her upon

the recovery of her senses? I would ask your word of honour; but that is forfeited long ago.'

'No, Sir, I will never marry her!'

'Well then, Sir, you are a scoundrel!'

'Sir, this language cannot be borne!'

'Well, Sir, although degraded from the rank, you perhaps still expect the privileges, of a gentleman. Here are two pistols—take your choice.'

'What! fight with a footman—a groom?'

'No words, Sir,—take a pistol!'

'No!'

'Will you not fight?'

'Not with you, Sir!'

'Then, Sir, you are a mean, dirty, cowardly scoundrel, and I shall treat you accordingly.'

"On his saying this, we heard a whip smacking about the shoulders of the squire, while he capered round the room. When satisfied with the chastisement he had bestowed, we heard Donald unlock the door, and again address him.

'Now, Sir, I have been told that you intend marrying into a respectable family; but

you would be a disgrace to any family; therefore I shall take care that they know you; and be assured, I shall renew my discipline, wherever I have the chance to meet you. In the meantime, I shall conduct you to your friends.'

"He then opened the door, seized Mr R—— by the nose, led him out of the house, and gave him a hearty kick on the seat of honour, which made him tumble among the crowd whom curiosity had collected at the door.

"Donald was now become an object of general interest, and every one pressed forward to see him; but the poor lad's feelings were so much agitated, that he burst through the crowd, ran to the stable, and, before any one could get time to address him, mounted his horse, and went off at full gallop."

CHAPTER XXXV.

"To neglect at any time preparation for death, is to sleep on our post at a siege; but to omit it in old age, is to sleep at an attack.

"To die is the fate of man; but to die with lingering anguish is generally his folly."

JOHNSON.

THE gentleman, whose name was Mr M'Alpine, appeared to take no small interest in the misfortunes of poor Flora; and expressed himself highly pleased with the conduct of her brother, which certainly did him credit, and had the effect of increasing the concern which we all felt in this unhappy case.

Mr Belfield had not yet seen Flora; but, from the relation of our interview with her, he was most anxious that measures should be adopted for her recovery. Mr M'Alpine said,

that he would, with readiness, join in any scheme that might be adopted for that purpose; and it was agreed, that an immediate application should be made to some friend in Edinburgh, to get her lodged in a respectable asylum; and we resolved to prolong our stay till an answer should be received.

Mr M'Alpine dined with us, and we spent a most agreeable afternoon. During this period a circumstance occurred, which, although in itself trifling, is illustrative of the customs of that part of the country, and shews the effect of habit on the human constitution.

Having found our landlord a shrewd, intelligent man, we asked his company over our bowl of whisky toddy. When pushing round the glass, he declined taking his proportion of toddy, saying that it would soon intoxicate him. We ridiculed the idea, and told him, that as this was the land of whisky, he must be well accustomed to that beverage. "Yes," said he, "to whisky, but not to toddy; and if you permit me to drink my own way, I shall keep you company with much pleasure."

This being agreed to, our landlord again joined us, and at every round took a glass of genuine undiluted whisky, instead of toddy; yet, when we rose from the table, he exhibited no signs of intoxication.

The ladies having promised to visit Flora, next day was appropriated for that purpose, and we engaged to dine with Mr M'Alpine in the afternoon. We found Flora at home, and dressed less fantastically than before. She immediately recognised us; but continued to shew her aversion to me, calling me the ugly black minister, and clinging to the ladies for protection.

Her mother appeared in a very bad state of health, and exceedingly melancholy. Her father, with some improvement in dress, might have represented one of Ossian's heroes. We communicated our proposal for recovering his daughter to reason, and expressed our sanguine hopes of the result. He was silent; but the tear of gratitude rolled down his time-furrowed cheeks. Flora was reluctant to part with us; and I believe we could have taken her any where.

After leaving Colin M'Donald's, we were met by Mr M'Alpine on the way, and conducted to his hospitable mansion, where we continued for two or three days, very agreeably entertained, and delighted with the wild and romantic scenery around.

An answer arrived from Edinburgh, that a situation had been procured for the poor maniac; and we immediately set about arrangements for her removal. As Flora still knew her brother, and was fond of him, it was determined that he should escort her, and Mr M'Alpine prevailed upon one of his servant-maids to accompany them as her attendant. A chaise was procured, and they set off next day.

Colonel Maitland and his lady, who, instead of visiting Bramble-brae in our progress northward, had deferred it till we should return, now parted with us, and took the road for Bramble-brae; but they proposed to take Hawthorn-lodge on their way to Wales.

This journey had added both to my health and spirits; and the change was so obvious to my friends, that I believe it augmented their

own happiness. The Colonel and his lady arrived in less than a week after they left us; but Mrs Maitland, whom I had always seen the soul of every friendly circle in which I had met her, appeared more grave and thoughtful than usual. This, she next day explained to us, by stating the situation of her mother, which was far from pleasant.

The account given by the fellow, whom I had met with in the stage-coach, on my way to London, concerning Lady Lightfoot, was not exaggerated. She and Sir Peter had long ceased to respect each other; and it was now difficult for them to meet each other with common politeness; for, between Lady Lightfoot's personal infirmities, and her propensity to private tippling, she had certainly lost every power of attraction.

Mrs Maitland had also discovered, that it was to her sister, Sir Peter's youngest daughter, that the laird of Glenbeath had been paying his addresses, and that the match was nearly concluded. When she related the story of poor Flora M'Donald, her sister, with becoming resentment, declared, that

should he again visit her, of which she was in daily expectation, she was determined not to see him but in the presence of her father, to give him his final dismissal. This had produced a quarrel, not only between Sir Peter and his daughter, but also with Mrs Maitland. The knight affirmed, that the laird of Glenbeath was rich, and might make a very good husband, after all that had happened. Mrs Maitland maintained, that although a man might make a good husband after a similar mistake, no one who had a good heart could have deserted, and then totally neglected, the woman whom he had ruined, especially in such circumstances as those in which Flora M'Donald was placed. She most warmly supported her sister, and entreated her, neither to be won by flattery, nor intimidated by threats, from the resolution which she had so prudently formed; affirming, that it was better to continue a spinster for life, than become the wife of such a cold-blooded and unfeeling villain. Such was the state of affairs at Bramblebrae when Mrs Maitland left it, without ei-

ther being desired, or wishing to repeat her visit.

Colonel and Mrs Maitland spent two weeks at Hawthorn-lodge, and, upon their departure, urged me to accompany them into Wales; from whence, the Colonel said, he would join me in a visit to Dr Stanley. I complied with his request, and after staying some time in Wales, we proceeded to Yorkshire.

Our reception from the venerable Doctor was what we expected; but he was more infirm than when I last saw him; yet still cheerful, and in the full possession of all his intellectual faculties. He entered into conversation upon the politics of Europe, with the energy of a patriot, and the information of a statesman. In literature, he was acquainted with the character of almost every new publication; and related many pleasant anecdotes of living authors, exhibiting a degree of liberality in his criticisms and sentiments, hardly to be expected from so veteran a disciple of the old school. At his age, the powers of his memory appeared surprising, and we complimented him upon the

probability of his enjoying many subsequent years.

"Ah, no!" said he, "I have recently felt strong and evident symptoms of decay, and am persuaded that I have nearly finished my journey: I have also a presentiment that Providence will be kind; that I shall not linger long in pain or helpless imbecility. You have come very opportunely, for I was about to solicit a visit from both of you, and if Mr Belfield had accompanied you, so much the better. To be plain, like many other old men, I have delayed what might and ought to have been done long ago—I have made no will; but I am resolved it shall now be done without further delay.

"This is perhaps the more necessary, as I have no *near* relations; and such relatives as I have are by no means in want: I can bestow my little savings, where I think they will tend more to produce happiness. My heir at law is rich, and, I am sorry to say, is a blackguard; to him my property must not go. I have arranged in my mind some legacies to my relations and servants, also a few

tokens of affection to those whom I love; and for the poor girl, Flora M'Donald, whose melancholy story you told me last night, something must be done. After these bequests, there will still be a sum left, which I wish to bestow on some public charity, and to apply it in such a way as shall be of most utility. Will you both assist me with your advice? And, finally, will you allow me to nominate you as my executors? When I obtain your consent, I shall take upon me to join our absent friend Mr Belfield in the trust." After some further talk, and a little deliberation, we agreed to the good Doctor's request; and next day, after breakfast, was appointed for some discussion on the subject.

At the time agreed on, we met in the library, where the Doctor informed us, that his property in the funds was worth something more than £10,000, and that he intended the half of that sum for me. This I immediately opposed in the strongest and most decided manner, saying that, like himself, I was an old bachelor, and would never have any family; that I enjoyed all the comforts of life

in my present condition, and therefore begged that his property might be appropriated in some way more beneficial to the public.

With difficulty it was then settled, that I should have an annuity for life, the principal of which was, at my death, to go to the fund of some public charity, and this was determined to be two schools for poor children; one in the parish where the Doctor resided, and the other in that where he was born.

We calculated, that the property set apart for that purpose would at first pay two teachers an annual salary of £100 each; and, after the different annuities should fall, would be perfectly competent to the erection of two substantial and convenient school-houses, with suitable accommodation for the teachers.

A letter was despatched to his attorney at York, requesting his attendance, two days after, to extend the settlement; and now, said the benevolent old man, to-morrow after breakfast, I shall beg your indulgence, while I retire and arrange the particulars of this subject, that the attorney may have no-

thing more to do than to put them in a legal form.

Next day, the Doctor joined us before dinner, saying, with much cheerfulness, that he had extended the necessary *memoranda*, and wished to think no farther on the subject at present.

A few gentlemen from the neighbourhood were invited to dinner, which was served in a style of elegance calculated to do credit to the Doctor's hospitality. Our venerable landlord was also more than usually cheerful, and exhibited a sprightliness of remark, which formed a striking, but pleasing contrast to the snowy locks that thinly covered his brow. The company broke up at an early hour, and we retired to our respective apartments. Next morning, the Colonel and I took a walk before breakfast, and upon coming in, were informed that our landlord was not yet stirring. This was considerably beyond his usual hour; however, we believed it probable that last night's indulgence had fatigued him more than usual. After waiting a full hour, we became rather alarmed,

and rung for his servant, who also expressed his apprehensions, and proposed visiting his master. We requested him to do so, but he returned with most alarming looks, and terror in his voice, begging of us to come up stairs.

We entered, and found the Doctor stretched on his back—alive—but speechless. We found, after a little examination, that he had experienced a paralytic stroke, and was quite incapable of moving either hand or foot. His eyes were open; he seemed still to retain his sense of hearing, and gazed on us with calm, but mournful looks: it was a sight painful to behold, and more humiliating to the pride of man than even death itself. He several times vainly attempted to lift his arm, and heaved a deep sigh. Medical aid was sent for, and the physician soon arrived, who, after a little reflection, told us privately, that there was no hope; and that although he might drag on a feeble existence for days, or even weeks, yet the probability was, that the attenuated thread would snap, and the machine stand still. At any rate he

would stop till next day, and by that time he expected to be able to speak with more precision.

The attorney arrived a little after this; and, as he had long been Dr Stanley's intimate friend, claimed the privilege of seeing him. He was introduced—his presence seemed to give the Doctor much pain—he fixed his eyes on me, and the tears flowed copiously. It was considered proper that the attorney should not leave the house till next day; for we still indulged the hope, or rather the wish, that the good man would recover a little.

Alas! his days were numbered; and before the morrow's sun arose, the eyes of this venerable man were closed for ever. The attorney, in presence of the physician and us, went through the necessary process of sealing up, &c.; and intimation was sent to the Doctor's connections, including the heir-at-law, who arrived soon after.

We retired with the physician, until the day of the funeral. The attorney, who accompanied us, expressed his regret that our

departed friend had so long delayed the settlement of his affairs. The Doctor, he said, had often talked of this subject; and there was no doubt that the delay proceeded from a want of being able exactly to determine how his property should be applied; but he was much afraid that the whole would now fall into the hands of the heir-at-law.

The day of the funeral arrived; it was attended by almost the whole of his parishioners; and every face exhibited, more or less, an expression of silent sorrow: if there was any exception, it was in the bloated and callous visage of him who was legal heir to the deceased. When the funeral was over, and the seals removed from the Doctor's scrutoire, the first paper that presented itself was entitled, "Memoranda for my will, to be extended by Nathan Collins, attorney."

These memoranda were to this effect: To two servants, a man and woman, annuities of £50 each for life; to other two, annuities of £20 each; to sundry relatives, legacies amounting to £500; to Flora M'Donald, while in her present situation, an annuity of

£25, to be applied for her comfort in the asylum; and, in the event of her recovering her reason, a legacy of £500, clear of all deductions, to be paid first quarter-day after her discharge from the hospital. His executors to be two gentlemen, his neighbours, in conjunction with Colonel Maitland, Mr Belfield, and myself; the first four to receive a legacy of £500, and a ring, value ten guineas each, for their trouble. To me, there was an annuity of £100 sterling for life; a ring; fifty books, of my own selection, from his library, and his gold watch; after which, each of the other executors was to have three books of his own choosing. One hundred pounds were to be divided, immediately after his funeral, among the poor of his parish, and the reversion of his property was to be applied to the establishment of two schools, as before mentioned; the teachers to be appointed, and their salaries to commence, within twelve months after his death.

These notes were evidently in his handwriting; but had neither date nor subscription. The heir-at-law had an attorney with

him, who, being informed that we were the persons named in the foregoing memoranda, inquired, whether we, as the friends of the deceased, knew of any will. Upon our replying, that we conceived the paper just now read, was the only will left by the deceased, he promptly replied, that it was virtually and legally nothing; that, at the best, it was evidence only of an intention to make a will; therefore, unless a legal will were produced, he would take immediate steps for vesting his client in the property.

Mr Collins drew us aside, and said, it would serve no good purpose to litigate the matter; and it was therefore better silently to acquiesce.

The heir began a rude speech, about beggars and officious meddlers cajoling an old man, and insinuating themselves into his good opinion; but thanked Heaven their machinations had been disappointed.

As this was neither the proper time nor place for repelling such abuse, we took our departure, deploring the infatuation which had prevented a scheme of benevolence, the

benefit of which would have been reaped by future ages.

In so far as I was concerned, the disappointment was light; for I considered my income adequate to my wants; and my only regret was, that I was thus deprived of the means of extending my benevolence; for the world afforded many opportunities, the value of which I had learned by experience.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

I have neither the scholar's melancholy,
Which is emulation; nor the musician's,
Which is fantastical; nor the courtier's,
Which is pride; nor the soldier's, which is
Ambition; nor the lawyer's, which is politics;
Nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's,
Which is all these: but it is a melancholy
Of mine own, compounded of many simples,
Extracted from many objects; and, indeed,
The sundry contemplation of my travels,
In which my often rumination wraps me
In a most humorous sadness.

SHAKSPEARE.

I ACCOMPANIED Colonel Maitland to Wales; and after staying there for some time, returned to Scotland. On arriving at Hawthorn-lodge, I learned that Mr Belfield's son, and only child, was dangerously ill of the measles and

that his parents were much alarmed on his account. Their anxiety I knew must be very great; for Mr and Mrs Belfield's hopes of an addition to their family had more than once been disappointed, and Mrs Belfield's health was in consequence become very delicate. The boy's danger increasing, she persisted in watching him night and day, till the crisis of the disease was past, and some faint hopes were entertained of his recovery. He lingered a long time, and for some weeks his fate was uncertain; but at length the tender frame was exhausted, and he breathed his last in his mother's arms.

This was a sad disappointment to the fond hopes of the parents, and a most severe shock to their feelings. The fatigue which Mrs Belfield had experienced, during her boy's illness, operated so far upon a frame naturally delicate, and a mind, whose sorrows the gentle hand of time could not obliterate, that she became seriously ill; and her physician expressed his fears of a consumption.

This was a fresh cause of sorrow and alarm to Mr Belfield, whose care and assiduity

nothing could exceed. He one day said to me, "When you came to Hawthorn-lodge, I believed, that I wanted no other companion to make the time pass agreeably, and even happily; but I now find, that without my Anna, this world would be to me a wilderness. She is almost all that unites me to mortality; and although I wish, Heaven knows how anxiously! to enjoy many years with her, yet I have no desire to live a day behind her. When she dies, I pray to Heaven that one turf may cover us."

Dr G—— of Edinburgh was consulted; and he, without hesitation, pronounced her disorder a decline, from which there was no hope of recovery, except in a warmer climate.

From the state of Europe, the mild air of Montpelier was inaccessible to Britons; but as the port of Lisbon was open, it was determined to carry her thither without delay, and Mr Belfield was to accompany her. The greatest activity was exerted in expediting their departure for London, from whence they were to sail with the first vessel for Portugal.

It was arranged that I should superintend Mr Belfield's affairs until his return; but that, in the meantime, I should accompany them to London. Notice of the journey being sent to Wales, Colonel Maitland and his lady met us at Litchfield, which Mrs Belfield had reached by easy stages on our way to London. The meeting of these friends, under such circumstances, was painfully tender, and their parting full of mournful anticipations.

When Mr and Mrs Belfield went on board, I accompanied them down the river. The blush that had mantled the cheek of beauty, was now faded into a languid paleness, except when a transient hectic diffused its lively red, which appeared more vivid from the delicate whiteness by which it was surrounded. When she stretched forth her hand, so finely transparent was the skin, that her veins appeared like azure streams wandering in a field of snow.

The vessel was to join convoy in the Channel, and I passed a night on board with my friends. Mrs Belfield expected to bear the voyage with tolerable ease; and I saw, with melancholy pleasure, that every cheerful ex-

pression which she uttered, produced a gleam of hope in the eye of her affectionate husband. After taking a tender and affectionate farewell, I kissed the hand of Mrs Belfield, pressed that of my friend, and without venturing to look them in the face, stepped into the boat, and returned to London.

My presence being necessary at Hawthorn-lodge, and having neither leisure nor inclination to stop in the metropolis, I instantly set out for Scotland, and reached home, without either any accident or adventure worth mentioning.

After my return, how gloomily did the hours pass! for I was not only deprived of the society of my friends, but in constant anxiety for the fate of Mrs Belfield; well convinced that, should her indisposition prove fatal, the happiness of her husband could never be restored.

I had now no society, except that of Roger, and the clergyman of the parish, with whom I had an occasional interview. I contrived, however, to divert my thoughts, by taking a sincere interest in the affairs of my friend.

Mr Belfield had some improvements going forward on his estate; his tenants on the heath were active; and it gave me a sincere pleasure to observe them gradually acquiring the comforts of life.

In about two months after the departure of my friends, I received advice of their safe arrival at Lisbon. The voyage appeared to have had a perceptible and salutary effect upon Mrs Belfield; and her husband fondly cherished the hope of her renovated health. They had resolved upon passing the winter in Portugal, and expected to return to Scotland in the ensuing summer.

Although, as I have already said, time seemed to pass slowly, yet the bustle of harvest, and other cares incident to the charge which I now held, kept me generally occupied; and it was only when the winter evenings began to steal on, that I felt my situation solitary and dull. I could not apply myself to study; books failed to interest me; for, though I formerly delighted in studying the sciences, and keenly relished the Belles Lettres as a relaxation, my only relief from melancholy was now

playing at backgammon with Roger. But I soon found that this sedentary life did not suit; I began to think, when I ought to have gone to rest; and thus my nights passed without sleep, to procure which I took exercise, out of doors, even to fatigue. Still the demon of melancholy haunted me; and, amidst the silence of night, the phantoms of imagination only changed place with those gloomy ideas, over which I had brooded during the day.

One evening, while endeavouring to amuse myself in Mr Belfield's library, I took the Poems of Ossian from the shelf, instead of another book, and carried them home before I discovered the mistake. I had long ago looked at this work, but could not relish it; and had settled my opinion respecting its authenticity, without having perused the famous controversy which it had occasioned. I sat down, and began to skim over the pages in the indifferent manner of one who reads merely to kill time. As I proceeded, the sentiments seemed to breathe a pathos and sublimity, of which I had hitherto believed

them destitute. Next evening, I continued my perusal, and proceeded with a species of gloomy delight. Many of Ossian's expressions were so much in unison with my own feelings, that I appropriated them to myself. His lamentation for Oscar came home to my heart: "Fingal is the last of his race. Mine age will be without friends. I shall sit a gray cloud in my hall; I shall not hear the return of a son!" "The life of Ossian fails; I begin to vanish on Cona. My steps are not seen in Selma. Beside the stone of Mora I shall fall asleep. The winds whistling in my gray hairs shall not awaken me. The night is long; but my eyes are heavy! The thistle shakes its beard to the wind; the flower hangs its heavy head; it seems to say, I am covered with the drops of heaven; the time of my departure is near, and the blast that shall scatter my leaves." "The daughter of the snow left the hall of her secret sigh; she came in all her beauty, like the moon from the cloud of the east. Loveliness was around her as light. Her steps were like the music of songs. She saw the youth, and loved him.

He was the stolen sigh of her soul. Her blue eyes rolled on him in secret. · Pleasant be thy rest, O lovely beam, soon hast thou set on our hills! The steps of thy departure were like the moon on the blue trembling wave. But thou hast left us in darkness, first of the maids of Lutha. I think of the times that are past, and sweet is the joy of grief to my soul!" This was touching the most delicate chord in my heart. "Beloved Maria B." said I, "thou hast fled to the chambers of light, and left me to wander alone, like a stranger on the dreary heath, in a moonless night! Who cares for me? or why should I linger behind thee? I am like a tree that has been left alone in the field; its buds blighted by the frost, and its branches broken by the storm; its trunk is drooping in decay, and its form is ungraceful. Already it is deemed a cumberer of the ground; and in a few years, at most, it shall fall to rise no more!"

Having for sometime indulged in similar meditations, before retiring to rest, I wrote the following

INVOCATION TO DARKNESS.

Taper, cease thy trembling light,
  I am sick of all I see;
Come, thou raven-pinioned night,
  Welcome is thy shade to me!

Thou canst veil the joyous face;—
  Hide the sports I cannot share!
Mirth with all her gambols chace,
  While I court each hour of care!

Hush the busy hum of men!
  Bid the watchful dog be still!
Sooth the night-bird in the glen!
  Silence yonder murmuring rill!

Let the cricket's cheerful note,
  Lost in midnight stillness, die;
Whispering zephyrs, as they float,
  Hush their sweetest, softest sigh!

Hush the sky-lark's matin lay;
  Sweeter far is balmy sleep!
Echo, 'midst yon ruins gray,
  Let her, lost in silence, weep.

Haste, and bring the drowsy god,
His the stillness of the grave!
Dear the magic of his rod,
Let it o'er my temples wave!

While he fans my aching head,
On my downy couch reclined,
Gentle slumbers then may shed
Moonlight halos o'er the mind—

Halos, pure as morning's ray,
Sparkling in the crystal stream;
Soft, as when the star of day
Shoots from heaven his evening beam.

Scenes by early hope pourtrayed,
May their rainbow tints expand;
Haunts where Love and Beauty strayed,
Sweet retreats of fairy-land:

Sweeter still my dreams may prove,
Lovelier visions floating near;
Gliding from the realms above,
Whispering to my watchful ear.

Yes, Maria, sainted maid!
Leave thy blest abode a while;
Thou canst banish midnight shade:
Rapture hails thy seraph smile.

Thou hast seen the tears I've shed ;
 Thou hast heard my secret sighs ;
Nightly hover o'er my head,
 Till we meet above the skies.

Winter lingered on with slow and sullen pace; yet I saw the return of spring without joy: the song of the sky-lark and the thrush, were to me less pleasing, than the wintry tempest raving in the woods, and the long deep echoes of the torrent dashing over the craggy steep. When I brushed through the withered leaves of the forest, I felt a gloomy pleasure in thinking, that, like them, I should soon fall and be forgotten ; but the expanding bud and early blossom, brought to my recollection days of happiness, which I wished to forget ; because I felt they could never be recalled.

By letters from Lisbon, I learned, that Mrs Belfield, although not worse, had not derived that advantage from change of climate which was once expected ; therefore all thoughts of return were abandoned for the present.

Summer again approached; the season was uncommonly pleasant; and I believe that, had my friends been about me, it would have been peculiarly delightful; but this could not be, and I lived without present enjoyment, or pleasant anticipations of the future.

About this time I received a packet from my unfortunate friend in New York, containing letters to his brother Roger, and to his sisters; and covering drafts on a house in London in their favour, for one hundred pounds each. His letter to me was short, and much of the same nature as those which I had formerly received from him.

He hinted, that for some time he had been in bad health, and seemed strongly impressed with the idea that his dissolution was not far distant, at which he expressed a sincere satisfaction, since life had for him no charms: having wantonly blighted his best hopes, he could never cease being his own accuser: he had destroyed his father, disgraced his family, and degraded himself: the thought being too much, he was weary of the burden; and his

only consolation now was, that in a short time he should lay it down for ever.

When I compared this man's situation with my own, I was ashamed of my gloomy and melancholy disposition. I had no painful recollections to harass my thoughts; while this man, though persevering, without deviating, in the path of rectitude, was tormented by the remembrance of former guilt.

Flora M'Donald, who had been carefully attended, and most humanely treated, had exhibited such symptoms of recovery, that it was expected, if her convalescence continued, she would soon be discharged, and restored to her friends. This pleasing intelligence I communicated to her brother, who was attending his master in Portugal; Mr Belfield having been solicitous to have at least one servant about him, upon whose fidelity, and other good qualities, he could rely.

So ardent was the friendship which subsisted between Mrs Belfield and Mrs Maitland, that the latter prevailed upon her husband, the Colonel, to go with her to Lisbon; for she was persuaded that Mrs Belfield would

never return, and she could not be happy without seeing her friend once more." Colonel Maitland, although rather reluctant to the journey, consented to the wishes of one so dear to him; and they set off together, having previously apprised Mrs Belfield of their intended visit.

Colonel Maitland and his lady, on their arrival at Lisbon, found their friend considerably improved in health; but, as winter was again approaching, it was resolved that she should not encounter the cold and inconstant climate of Britain till the following summer.

I continued at Hawthorn-lodge, without experiencing any vicissitude worth relating. The discharge of my official duties, during the fine season, kept my mind employed, and assisted in expelling that morbid sensibility which corroded my peace; although, at the same time, I looked forward to the approach of winter with painful anticipation; feeling that I was alone, and doomed to pass my hours "unblessing and unblessed."

Shortly after Colonel Maitland's arrival in

Portugal, Mrs Belfield's health was so much improved, that they were receiving and paying visits. They made several short excursions into the country, by which her spirits had been elevated, and her constitution apparently improved. To this happy change, Mrs Maitland had materially contributed, by her unremitted cheerfulness, and playful sallies of humour. After the arrival of Colonel Maitland, their circle of acquaintance began to extend: he met several gentlemen there who had been his companions when in the army; and this unexpected meeting, after so long a separation, naturally occasioned an intimacy, and a frequency of visits, which added greatly to the hilarity of their social circle.

Mrs Belfield found her fair friend so great an acquisition, that she solicited her, in the most earnest manner, to spend the winter in Portugal. Mrs Maitland, always the kind friend and obedient wife, referred her to the Colonel, who, anxious to oblige Mrs Belfield, and thinking that it might promote her convalescence, gave his consent. Perhaps he made no great sacrifice of his own inclinations;

for, by this time, he was become very fond of associating with his old companions; and it was no uncommon thing for him to engage in their parties, while his wife was devoting her hours to short walks, or little convivialities, with Mr Belfield's family.

About the close of autumn, I received a letter from Mr Belfield, intimating, that Mrs Belfield still gave indications of returning health, and expressing his gratitude and obligations to Colonel Maitland and his lady, whose company had been of such incalculable benefit to his Anna. At the same time, he insinuated something, which I did not very well comprehend, expressing his most anxious hopes, that this act of friendship in Mrs Maitland would not be attended with any consequences disagreeable to herself, or prejudicial to the family.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"Oh! this infernal vice! how has it sunk me! a vice whose highest joy was poor, compared to my domestic happiness. Yet how have I pursued it! turned all my comforts to bitterest pangs, and all my smiles to tears. Damned—damned infatuation!"

MOORE.

I PASSED another tedious winter at Hawthorn-lodge, without any remarkable occurrence; and, early in spring, received a letter from Mr Belfield, of which the following is a copy:

MY DEAR FRIEND,—You will, I am certain, warmly sympathise in my affliction, when I inform you that my dear, my affectionate Anna, whose health and happiness are to me above all price, is now much worse.

She is so weak, that, even in her easiest moments, she can hardly walk across the garden. Think, my dear friend, what I must have felt, when two days ago the physicians candidly told me, that they entertained no hopes of her recovery; adding, that as she constantly expressed a desire to return home, it would certainly be prudent to prevent the irritation of her mind, and comply with her wishes, while she had strength to bear the fatigue of the voyage. We shall, therefore, if Heaven spare her so long, leave this in a very short time; but you shall again hear from me before we set out.

"Though it is almost impossible to add to my present distress, yet there is another cause of vexation, that I am sorry to communicate to you; but as it cannot remain long a secret (perhaps it is already public), I am sure that your feelings will accord with mine, when you hear that Colonel Maitland is ruined by gaming.

"I have already informed you, that he met with several of his old military associates here; and their attachment grew every

tay stranger. The Colonel had been gay, and even imprudent, in his youth; his old propensities only wanted incitements to be revived, and during the winter, he continued to drink deep, and play high. His lady had suspected it for some time; but delicacy, and the respect that she always entertained for her husband's principles and judgment, prevented her from making any observations to him on his conduct.

"I am unable to speak with certainty as to the extent of his debts, but I have good reason to believe, that Maitland-place, and all his property, must inevitably come to the hammer. What a stroke for our dear friend, Mrs Maitland, and her lovely infants! Deeply would I have regretted this, although I had been in no degree to blame; but how much more severe must be my feelings, when I reflect that the kindness of Mrs Maitland to my Anna has brought upon her this cruel misfortune. How bitterly do I reproach myself, for soliciting them to stop in Lisbon during the winter! But this is not the worst; for the Colonel is a high-minded man, and

from some symptoms which I have observed. I shudder to contemplate the result. His lady seems to bear up surprisingly, and is exerting herself, in every possible way, to reconcile him to himself and his fallen fortune. She tells him, that she can live in a cottage, not only contentedly, but happily, so long as he will continue to be a companion and protector to her and their children. My mind is so much exhausted, that I cannot continue the subject. You shall hear again from me soon, with further particulars. Meantime, adieu!"

Such were the contents of this melancholy letter: the happiness of all those whom I most esteemed on earth was blighted and destroyed,—those who had so unremittingly exerted themselves to promote my felicity, were wounded to the heart's inmost core.

Although it would be difficult to say for which of the parties I felt the greatest interest, I considered Mrs Belfield as the happiest of the party. She was apparently about to enter into a state, where suffering and sorrow would be no more; and it appeared to me very doubt-

ful, whether even the comforter Time, could heal the wound, which her death would inflict on her fond husband.

Mrs Maitland had strong claims upon my gratitude. The Colonel I had ever found most friendly and warm-hearted. He possessed a high sense of honour; and I trembled for the consequences to himself and family. I did not feel at liberty to whisper the tale to mortal ear; and although I had no associates, except the clergyman and Roger, yet I was now afraid of seeing them, fearful lest my countenance and manner would betray the anguish of my heart.

Day after day passed in a state of anxiety and painful suspense; and two tedious weeks had come to a termination, when I at last received a letter;—my hand trembled, and my heart palpitated, as I broke the seal. Mrs Belfield had experienced no change, except an increased solicitude to return home. Colonel Maitland's affairs, after minute investigation, were found so desperate, that the sale of his estate was unavoidable. Mrs Maitland had frankly offered to give up

her portion, which, at their marriage, the Colonel had prudently secured to her and their children; she had even pressed him with earnestness to accept of it, and to rest assured of her love and affection; but it was found, that even this sacrifice was inadequate to extricate him. The Colonel had sunk into lowness of spirits, bordering upon melancholy stupor: his lady endeavoured now to be constantly with him, and displayed a degree of cheerfulness and gayety, which she hoped would produce the most beneficial effects.

Three tedious weeks more dragged heavily along, and another letter arrived, announcing that my friends were to sail from Lisbon without delay, accompanied by Colonel Maitland and his lady, who, it was supposed, would stop in London till some arrangement of their affairs took place. Mr Belfield requested me to meet them in London, and I set out on the journey next day.

When I reached London, they were not arrived. For the sake of amusement, and as far as possible to relieve the melancholy which I could not shake off, I accompanied an acquaint-

ance to Woolwich; and while we viewed the stores, and other things worthy of notice, the evening stole on apace; but as the night was fine, we resolved on proceeding to London without stopping.

We had not left Woolwich more than half an hour, when, in turning a corner between two hedges, a couple of footpads sprung upon us from a ditch, and one of them knocked down my companion with a bludgeon. The other was proceeding to serve me in the same manner, when, "Avast there!" was called out, and at the same instant my antagonist received a stroke from some unexpected hand, the force of which compelled him to measure his length beside my unfortunate companion. All this was the work of an instant, and performed in far less time than I have taken to relate it. Upon turning round, I perceived that my unknown deliverer was a little man, apparently a sailor, whom we had passed upon the road, just before turning the corner of the hedge. The footpad groaned most piteously; his companion had by this time leaped over the hedge; and, as it was now the dusk of

evening, fairly escaped. My friend, who had contrived to rise, said, that he believed he had received no very serious injury, further than being stunned with the blow.

We now endeavoured to raise the footpad, whose head bled profusely; but he could scarcely stand. "Come, brace up, you dog!" said my deliverer, "for if you can't make sail, we must take you in tow!" He then grasped the thief by the collar, calling out to me to brace his arms, and requesting my friend to rummage his lockers, lest he should be provided with stern chacers, with which he might pop out our brains in the dark. A pistol was found in his pocket; but, upon examination, it was discovered not to be loaded. The sailor drew from his jacket a piece of rope-yarn, with which he said he would make fast his braces in a twinkling. The fellow being bound, the sailor now proposed that we should hold a council of war, whether it were better to carry our prize into harbour, or unship the rudder and set him adrift. "In the one case," said he, "we shall be entitled to forty pounds for capturing

a pirate; but still it is in some sense the price of blood; and although I could without hesitation pop down a Monsieur *Parlez Vous*, or blow out a Don Whisker's brains, when yard-arm and yard-arm, yet it goes against my stomach to be the means of hanging a fellow-creature in cold blood. And, on the other hand, should we let our prize escape, the next that falls in the rascal's way, may be first murdered and then robbed; for that appeared the mode of their going to work with you. Besides, if any note of this were discovered on the log-book, we should be found liable to the Commodore for allowing a prize to sheer off, after she has struck her colours. But, I beg your pardon, gentlemen, my opinion ought to have lagged astern, till I had heard yours; you were the party attacked, and are besides two to one."

Before we began to reply, the robber whined most piteously, saying, that he also was a seaman; that he and his confederate belonged to a transport from Liverpool; had come into harbour—got into bad company when here on a cruise—had been plundered of their last

shilling, and wished merely to pick up as much as would carry them to town.

"Belay there, you lubber! tip me none of your fresh water lingo!" cried our little champion; "Did ever a British seaman disgrace his colours? I've a good mind to have you hung at the yard-arm for calling yourself a tar; d——me, even the name of the thing would be an insult to the whole navy! What do you say, gentlemen—shall we give him a salt eel to supper, and set him adrift to scud under bare poles?" By no means wishing to have the poor wretch's blood on our heads, and foreseeing much trouble and detention to ourselves, if we delivered him up to justice, we warmly recommended that he should be set at liberty. To this Jack instantly agreed, but declared, that before they parted he would first have the pleasure of dusting his jacket with an oaken towel: on saying which, he let go his hold, and began to wield his sapling with most hearty good will; but the culprit sprung off at a tangent, and took leave, without the ceremony of bidding us good-night.

My companion now felt a warm moisture oozing down his neck, and said he believed that he was cut on the back part of the head; but as it was now dark, and we could neither see the wound, nor find the means to dress it, we proposed to push on to the first house on the road, that the nature and extent of the injury might be ascertained.

A few minutes walking brought us to the door of a tolerably decent-looking house; and no sooner were lights placed in the parlour, than the naval hero and I began to utter mutual exclamations of surprise; for he was no other than the reforming schoolmaster, who has already appeared with some notoriety in our history. "Ah! my worthy friend!" cried he, "excuse my freedom for the appellation; I have long been under very considerable obligations to you, and am indeed exceedingly happy to meet you!" I replied, that the obligation was on my side on the present occasion, as he had in all probability saved my life. "Not at all, not at all," said he; "the utmost would have been a crack on the crown; however, I am glad on't. I should have done

the same for any fellow-creature; but it gives me a most heartfelt pleasure to find, that I have rendered you a service, however slight; for I am not ignorant, that to you alone I owe my present liberty; for which accept the thanks of a blunt sailor. But we must reef in our jabber, till we see whether the seams of your friend's head want caulking!"

We proceeded to examine the wound, which, though very small, had bled profusely. The clotted hair was cut away, a plaster, such as could be procured, applied, and it gave no further uneasiness.

When I saw the danger over, I began to feel not altogether satisfied with the new acquaintance I had formed. To be sure, I had no objections to it in the hour of peril; for at that time I neither knew nor cared about the character of the man who was willing to act as an ally; but now, although this little hardy tar had been my deliverer, my former impressions of his character were still uppermost in my mind, and I could not bring myself to consider him as a

proper companion. Perhaps he perceived this, and addressed me thus:

"I presume, Mr Campbell, that it is from delicacy to me that you are making no inquiries about my adventures and present situation. I do not care now for speaking much of myself; but with you (to whom I owe so much) I can have no reserve. You know how and when I entered on shipboard, where I had little opportunity, and no great inclination, to look at the past; for you know, Sir, that I had been a sad dog—both fool and knave—but let that pass: I was willing to forget the world, and anxious that it should also forget me. I had entered upon a new scene, where my duties and associates were equally strange to me; but I resolved, if possible, to know my duty properly, and to discharge it with alacrity and fidelity, as the only sure means of making my situation agreeable. I have succeeded beyond my expectations; have been in some smart actions; and had the honour of assisting in two captures, from which I expect some prize-money. One of them was a frigate with dispatches, which she hove over-

board before striking her colours: I happened to observe this, and, leaping into the sea, with some difficulty recovered them. I received the thanks of my captain for this gallant exploit, as he was pleased to term it: he reported me to the Admiralty; and, I had some reason to expect promotion, as it was known that I wrote a good hand, and was master of accounts. But there are always officious people; and my previous character and opinions stood there in array against me, highly coloured. My captain regretted this, but bade me not despair: 'Persevere,' said he, 'and something may yet be done for you.'

"This is my situation; and my captain, who is friendly, makes my duty as light as possible. I go to sea again in a few days, and shall think of this meeting with much pleasure. Should Fortune follow up her dawning smiles, there are some debts that I yet hope to discharge; others, of more importance to my own peace, I never can in this world, although I find it impossible to forget them." After settling our reckoning, we proceeded to

London, where we parted with our little hero, and arrived safe at our lodgings.

In the course of next day, advice came of a fleet being in the chops of the Channel, and I constantly looked for the arrival of my friends. Although all my anticipations were painful, still my solicitude to meet them was extreme; but as I knew that an interview with Colonel and Mrs Maitland would produce only painful sensations, I wished that it had been possible to avoid it; for I had no assistance to offer, and knew not how to frame my speech to the language of consolation. As soon as I learned that the vessel was in the river, I hastened on board; where, although I had calculated upon meeting only sadness and sorrow, yet the picture that now presented itself, exceeded all that my imagination had formed.

Mrs Belfield was stretched upon a couch in the cabin, her once blooming cheek blanched like the alpine snow, except in the centre, where an infant rose-leaf seemed to blush amidst a bed of lilies. Her lips were thin and colourless, while, with faded lustre, her eyes appeared

sinking in their sockets. On my entrance, she extended her hand, which, as I pressed it, seemed that of a corpse, had it not been for the cold moisture which I felt on the fingers that feebly returned my pressure: as she spoke, her voice was tremulous and hollow; it seemed as if issuing from the tomb. The tints which the fervour of the moment had called forth on her cheek were so pure, that she appeared rather an embodied spirit, than a being formed of similar matter with those around her. The tears burst from my eyes, as I gazed upon the form before me; I could not disguise my emotions, and turned away my face, that I might in some degree recover my composure. Mr Belfield sat beside her; Colonel Maitland was seated near the cabin window. If the features are an index to the mind, his might be calm; but it was the sullen apathy of one who despised the world and all its concerns. If there was any expression in his countenance, it seemed to say,

"Man delights not me, nor woman neither."

Mrs Maitland was reclining beside Mrs Bel-

field; her face still indicated buoyancy of spirit and serenity of mind, which was probably the effect of resignation; while her sympathy for Mrs Belfield seemed to absorb the concern which she might have been expected to feel for her own situation. During all the time that I staid, her attentions were divided between the Colonel and her sick friend; and I particularly remarked, that although her anxiety about her husband could not be disguised, her attentions were not in that particular manner as if she conceived him in want of consolation, but quite in her usual free and easy way; nor did she ever in the slightest degree allude to their misfortunes; and had I not been previously informed of her condition, I should not have imagined that one care occupied her mind, except for Mrs Belfield.

When we got on shore, Mrs Belfield was conducted to her mother's house, and the Colonel and his lady went to a hotel, to which I accompanied them. During the evening, the Colonel began to assume some apparent cheerfulness; but I regretted to see that he

swallowed his wine with avidity, and kept the bottle in motion. After the second bottle was finished, he called for another, which I most decidedly declined. "Come, come," said he, "Mr Campbell—no flinching, we must have some conversation; you have not yet had the news of Lisbon. Do you know that I am pigeoned, gulled, ruined? Yes, Sir, irretrievably ruined! and I am ashamed to look a friend in the face; for I have been a fool—a dolt—an ass—an idiot! Were none to suffer but myself, I could bear all the misery which must follow with stern indifference, as I have deserved it; but how can I bear, that the amiable woman who has just left the room, and my dear infants, must be the sufferers for my egregious folly. Oh, Sir! I never knew half the worth of Mrs Maitland till now. Her attention, her love, and tender affection, have, if possible, become more ardent, now that I am totally unworthy of them, and add to my agony of mind. Yes, every smile, every glance, tears my aching heart, and racks my frame with pangs unutterable. Would she upbraid me—threaten to leave me

—or hold me in scorn, I think I could feel more easy; for, although I have injured her, I would then have that palliation to my guilt, of not having sinned against such excellence. Add to all this, my feelings as a man and a soldier. The world will view me as I am, forgetting what I have been; will hold me up as a mark at which to wag the finger of contempt; prudent fathers will hold me up as a beacon and a bye-word to their thoughtless and extravagant sons. I, who have been courted as the companion and counsellor of the rich; looked up to, and solicited, as the protector of indigent merit, and the friend of the helpless;—I must now lend my name

"To point a moral, or adorn a tale!"

"Already have I seen those who, not many months ago, thought it an honour to sit at my table, when they have met me, like the priest and the Levite, pass by on the other side. The shades that gave me birth, the home of my happiest hours, I must know them no more! The spirits of my ancestors are riding on the winds that whistle among

its waving woods, execrating and pouring indignant contempt upon him who has disgraced their name. My dear, my beloved Charles, who now clambers on my knees, asks why his papa will not smile; then, kissing me, inquires when we shall be in Wales; for he longs to see how large the lime-tree is that I planted at his birth. Oh! every endearment of his is as the sting of a scorpion to my bosom. Poor fellow! hapless innocent! the day is approaching when he will curse the name of his father,—banished from his country, a needy child of Fortune; or pining at home, neglected and a beggar! Ah! my dear Sir; it is too much! fallen! fallen! fallen! Pride whispers that I ought to quit the scene:

> "When honour's lost, 'tis a relief to die;
> Death is a sure retreat from infamy!"

Still I acknowledge, that reason tells me I have duties to discharge—that I am a husband and a father!"

"Yes," cried I, eagerly seizing an opportunity of interrupting him, "there are others

who have claims upon your life, and therefore it is not at your own disposal. Granting that you have already diminished Mrs Maitland's happiness, would you not inflict agony, infinitely more poignant, by abruptly leaving her for ever?

"Your Charles, whom you adore, would indeed have occasion to blush when he thought of you, could it ever be told to him, that his father first threw away his fortune, and afterwards his life. He is yet a child under your protection. You are not, cannot be in want; Mrs Maitland's dowry will always preserve you from penury; when cherished by paternal love, all his best affections will cling around you; and, by the time that he is a man, he will hardly ever reflect upon what he has lost. Besides, you acknowledge yourself a soldier—Is not every British soldier a hero? And shall a hero finally desert his post, because he is conscious of having neglected his duty? or because he has more enemies to encounter?

"When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward creeps to death—the brave live on"

If this life were the whole of man's existence, and if after death he ceased to be, perhaps he might say, 'I am sick of the banquet, I am surfeited with the feast!' But even then, might not this be a proof of peevish caprice, rather than of profound reflection? How often have the wisest of us been disposed, in a fit of spleen, to throw up some good, merely because it was blended with a transient evil; although we have afterwards found it productive of much enjoyment? But, believing as I do, and as I flatter myself you also do, that our present situation is only a state of trial and probation, and that we shall, after having resigned this mortal frame, experience a mode of existence, more refined in its nature, and also more permanent in its duration —why should a man, by one rash and irretrievable act, disqualify himself from entering into that state of perfection for which he is destined?"

With these, and similar common-place topics of reasoning, was I attempting to reconcile the Colonel to his misfortunes, when he interrupted me by saying—

"My dear Sir, all this is very fine; but it will never do! How can I appear in public? The sight of Maitland-place would wring my heart; and to leave it, as I must soon do, would be still more dreadful. Where can I appear, that I am not or would not soon be known? Towns I detest, and I cannot live degraded in the country!"

Happy in finding that he could so far think of living, as to deliberate upon where he could fix his residence, I replied, that if it were found indispensably necessary to dispose of Maitland-place, why, let it go—for with the remains of his fortune, and Mrs Maitland's dowry, he could still live comfortably in a cheap part of the country.

"Remains of my fortune!" cried he, with bitterness of spirit; "All that I can command or realise, will not discharge my debts! There is another, and to me not the slightest of agonies—

"To have my doors dammed up with gaping creditors;"

to see my furniture exposed to the rabble—Imagination sketches a picture, at which my

heart recoils! As for a cheap part of the country, Wales is the cheapest in South Britain; but there I cannot be—In short, were it not for Mrs Maitland, and my little ones, I would not live a day; yet, for their sakes, I wish that it were possible to reconcile me to the world."

"Let us drop the subject to-night," said I, "and we shall resume it when our heads are a little more cool. What do you think of Mrs Belfield's situation? Is there, in your opinion, any hope of her recovery?"

"None, I believe; the physicians have pronounced it next to impossible."

"Well," replied I; "are you not convinced that Mr Belfield's case is infinitely more distressing than yours? Were it in your choice at this moment, to be just in your present situation, the state of your feelings excepted; or to be in such worldly circumstances as you were a year ago, with Mrs Maitland stretched on a couch, from which fate had doomed her never more to rise, and clasping her infants to her bosom in a last embrace, her convulsive grasp pressing your hand, while the angel of

death hovered o'er her pillow, his icy hand half interrupting the last farewell that faltered on her tongue—"

"Oh! for mercy's sake," cried he, "conjure not up a picture that my imagination shudders to contemplate; I could never have parted from her without agony, but I feel that it would now be insupportable!"

He was agitated to such a degree, that I became seriously alarmed; and blamed myself for protracting a discussion, which I might have seen his mind could not support. In a little time he sunk into a calm, approaching to inanity, and I rung for Mrs Maitland. He started as she appeared; but her easy and affectionate address restored him to tolerable composure; and, after a few minutes conversation, I took leave, and returned to my lodgings.

Next day, when I waited upon Mr and Mrs Belfield, she expressed the most earnest solicitude to be at Hawthorn-lodge, and was with difficulty prevailed upon to stop for a day or two, after the fatigues of her voyage.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

" I wish I were where Anna lies!
  For I am sick of lingering here;
And every hour affection cries,
  'Go, and partake her humble bier!'
I wish I could! for when she died
  I lost my all; and life has proved,
Since that dread hour, a dreary void,—
  A waste unlovely and unloved!"

GIFFORD.

THE interest which I took in the unhappy state of my friends, and the indelible impression which their miseries left on my mind, have inclined me to dwell upon the gloomy subject till it has probably become tiresome; but the garrulity of old age is proverbial; and grief, after having settled down to chronic melancholy, often becomes loquacious.

During our stay in the metropolis, Mr Belfield and I had an interview with Colonel

Maitland and his lady, when it was settled that they should, for the present, go down to Maitland-place, to make the necessary arrangements for their ultimate removal, and then retire to the continent.

Before leaving London, I received the following letter from my unfortunate friend at New York.

"DEAR SIR,—Since I last had the pleasure of corresponding with you, a considerable portion of time has elapsed, during great part of which I have been sick, very sick, both in body and mind. My recovery was reckoned hopeless, and I contemplated my departure with satisfaction. Will you believe me, when I say, that I felt disappointed when the physician pronounced that the crisis of my disorder was past? My recovery, I believe, was in a great degree owing to the kind and unremitting attendance of my partner's daughter, who has for a long time past, without knowing the cause of my melancholy, endeavoured to enliven my spirits, and dissipate the gloom that hovered over my mind. I have in a former letter hinted my suspicions of a mu-

tual attachment, although I did not believe it could ever take place; but, since my recovery, I conceived that such inviolable regard merited the best return which it was in my power to bestow. My suspicion was farther confirmed, when I saw her begin to droop, and become nearly as melancholy as myself. This was irresistible—I paid my addresses—and she is now my wife.

"I know you will, in the common phrase, and I believe with much sincerity, wish me joy. Alas! my dear friend, no such feeling can be excited by any event that happens to me here below!

"Most perfectly am I convinced, that my faithful and affectionate partner is qualified to promote the happiness of any man, whose heart is capable of reciprocal kindness and innocent cheerfulness: but, alas! mine never can be so. And, let me whisper it to you, most bitterly do I regret the hour that I married her! yet I would die with pleasure to promote her happiness. For, O my friend! the horror which I have so long dreaded, and felt by anticipation, has at last ap-

proached in painful reality; and at this distance of time and place, those who are my friends and neighbours in this remote region, must now soon know me, not for what I am, but for what I have been.

" A few days ago, when passing along the quay, a stranger came up, and accosted me by the name which I bore in my native country—(Oh ! why did I ever expatriate myself!) The singularity of this address, from a man whose face I could not recollect having ever seen, threw me off my guard, and, perhaps with apparent confusion, I replied, that I believed he was mistaken. With a malignant grin, and an impudent familiarity, he whispered in my ear, that birds so long confined in the same cage, did not generally so soon forget each other; but that he would see me again, and try to revive my recollection. Confused and surprised, I hastily turned from him; and, on arriving in the street where I dwelt, found he was dodging me. I turned off in a different direction, and entered a house in an opposite quarter of the town, where I contrived to stay till his patience was exhausted. I

saw no more of him for two days, till he again appeared sauntering on the street, opposite to my door. He perceived me well, but made no attempt to address me; and I, being engaged with some people in business, took no notice of him. Perhaps the perturbation of my feelings was not favourable, even to a momentary association with a man whom I now looked upon as my evil genius. Yesterday I received a letter from him, in which he states being in distressed circumstances, and finds that I am perfectly competent to relieve him. The sum which he demands, as the price of his silence, is very considerable; and he even holds out threats in the event of my non-compliance. To my sorrow, I now know the man too well, and am convinced he will hesitate at nothing to effect his purpose. Could I by one transaction ensure his silence, I would stoop to the degrading compromise; but he has me in his toils, and from thence I shall never escape: I must brave it out, or live the trembling victim of his avarice. Can I live upon such terms? Can I see her name disgraced, and her spirit broken, who is dear-

er to me than ever life was in its happiest and most unspotted hours?

"Oh! my dear, my benevolent friend, my mind is rent with dreadful forebodings. I have a sad presentiment, that this is the last letter you will receive from me. If ever Heaven heard and accepted the prayers of a guilty wretch like me for his friends and benefactors, may you and Mrs Maitland enjoy a perpetuity of felicity!

"Should you live after my name and my sorrows are buried in the dust, I request that, for the sake of others, my unhappy fate may be made known to the world. I know that delicacy will induce you to suppress my name, and such circumstances as might wound the peace of those, who perhaps continue to reckon my propinquity a disgrace. But if only one generous, although thoughtless and giddy youth, can be saved from guilt and misery, such as mine, your labour will be amply repaid; and my errors, although fatal to myself, may serve as a beacon to others. I cannot write to my brother; say to him what your own prudence

suggests; and believe me, dear Sir, ever yours."

In a few days we set out for Hawthorn-lodge; and, travelling by easy stages, got Mrs Belfield safe thither, and without much apparent alteration; but in a short time a change for the worse was so very obvious, that we expected every hour to be her last. Mr Belfield hardly ever left her bedside; and I have every reason to believe, that he wished not to survive her, but to be laid in the same grave.

On the evening before she died, he sent for me, and after saying that there was no hope that his Anna would see another sun set, requested me to visit her. We went into her bed-chamber—her fine delicate frame was attenuated, beyond what I could have conceived it possible for human nature to bear, and yet continue in existence. Her cheek was still flushed with a gentle hectic, which, contrasted with the delicate whiteness that surrounded it, gave the idea of something more than mortal.

Unable to suppress my feelings, I turned round to the window, but, in a feeble and tremulous voice, she requested me to come near

her. "I know your feelings," said she, "and I am grateful for your sympathy; but sorrow not for me—I feel no pain—the thread will snap without suffering;—my mind, in all that concerns myself, is at ease; and for me, death has no terrors. Were it not for my dear Belfield, and a few friends, I could leave the world without a sigh."

She paused, for her respiration was difficult; Mr Belfield approached, and supported her in his arms. Grasping his hand, "My dear Belfield," said she, "the hour of my leaving you is at hand—our union has been happy—let not our parting moments be embittered with unnecessary and unavailing sorrow. For your sake, I could still wish to live; but I feel it impossible. I shall go before you, in the confident hope of being your happy harbinger to mansions of interminable felicity, where sickness, sorrow, and separation, shall be forever unknown.

"Although our union has been shorter than our fond hopes anticipated, yet we have no cause to complain; for on my part, I have found it productive of uninterrupted happi-

ness, and of love and kindness, my dear Belfield, on your part, perhaps in as great perfection as human nature is capable of, which it has been my unremitted study to merit and return—And, oh! if in any part, or on any occasion, I have fallen short, either of my duty or your expectations, I know you will forgive me—will attribute it to the imperfection of human nature, and not to any want of attachment to you, whose happiness has ever been so interwoven with my own, that they could not be divided."

After pausing for some time, she again continued:

"I said, my dear Belfield, we should meet again; but you are still a young man, and have many duties to perform in life—you have already been of great benefit to society, and much more is yet expected from you.

"I believe that my loss will be long and deeply remembered by you; and ill must I have discharged my duty were it otherwise; but the society of our friend there, and mixing with the world, will banish that sorrow which is unavailing to me, and can only op-

press that heart in which I would wish to implant perpetual happiness. Perhaps you may yet meet with one to fill the void which your Anna will leave in your heart; for there are flowers in the path of life, which I believe woman only can strew; and should you meet with one qualified to make you happy, be to her what you have ever been to me—Oh! may she always prove to you, what I would have been, had my power been equal to my wishes!

"I know it is unnecessary to recommend to your attention, those who have long been the objects of our mutual friendships and attachments. Colonel and Mrs Maitland, of whom I cannot think without deep regret, whose friendship for us has been productive of sad misfortune to themselves—do not forget, do not neglect them! And the little orphans, the objects of my charity—for my sake continue to protect them."

It will readily be supposed, that there were many breaks and pauses in this address, which still added to the agitation of her exhausted spirits.

A little after, she requested to shake hands

with me, and said, " We have been much obliged by your kind services—I ought to have said, faithful friendship. Do not now forsake Mr Belfield; be his companion—his comforter—his friend. Farewell, till we meet in happier regions!"

I escaped out of the room, for my feelings had completely overpowered me, and she expired before morning, in the arms of her afflicted husband.

It fell to my lot to make the arrangements necessary on this melancholy occasion. The day her mortal remains were consigned to the grave, was in the same season of the year, as when the lawn was covered with youth, and joyfully resounded to welcome her as Mrs Belfield; but she was now to be borne across it, surrounded by weeping friends and sorrowful dependents. When the hearse, with its sable plumes, passed slowly through the gate, Memory recalled to view the nuptial chariot entering the same spot below a triumphal arch, the pillars festooned and decorated with all the beauty and fragrance of summer. What a contrast, and how humiliating to the pride of man!

Mr Belfield was for some time inconsolable; and I conceived his grief as yet too recent, too sacred, for interruption. At last I believed it an imperious duty to see him, and endeavour, if possible, to allay his grief.

I succeeded so far, as to get him to walk an hour or two before dinner; we then made a short and temperate meal, after which he always insisted upon retiring. I understood that his retreat was generally the library, where Mrs Belfield's piano forte and harp had been placed some time before her departure for Lisbon. Of this room he now constantly kept the key, and would not allow a servant to enter except in his presence; and then, every book that Mrs Belfield had been using was interdicted from being touched. Music, printed and in manuscript, lay on her desk, just as she had left it; and every thing was kept in the same state, as if her return had been hourly expected.

Colonel and Mrs Maitland, who had written to Mr Belfield, condoling with him on his loss, now wrote again, saying, that they were to leave Wales in a short time, most probably for

ever; and earnestly entreating him to pay them a visit. I had also letters to the same effect, urging me to use every endeavour to prevail on Mr Belfield to comply with their request. He required no solicitation, and we set out a few days after.

On our arrival, we found the Colonel's mind still far from settled; and few could have shewn equal address with Mrs Maitland, in soothing the minds of her husband and visitor, on this trying occasion.

I found that their resolution was to retire to Switzerland; but circumstances had recurred to prevent this plan from being carried into immediate effect. The Colonel having a sister in Ireland, wished to pay her a visit, and stop there till the sale of Maitland-place should be completed, and some other arrangements made. He most earnestly solicited Mr Belfield to accompany him, and there to take his farewell. Mr Belfield was for some time reluctant; however, in talking to me of the proposal, "How," said he, "could I for a moment refuse, when they wished me to go? Did they not come to Lisbon for the sake of

my Anna, and by that visit incur ruin? I will accompany them to the world's end, if they wish it!"

The necessary arrangements were made, and they were to depart in a few days. They proposed going by the way of London, for the purpose of visiting some friends, as they had little prospect of seeing them again.

This period of my history is too painful to dwell on; for the sensations which I felt, as Mrs Maitland was in the bustle of preparation, it is impossible to describe. Never since the death of Maria B. had I felt such an agitation of mind, and it had nearly overcome me, when Mrs Maitland led her little children down the steps at the gate. I saw, that even in her it required an effort to preserve the appearance of equanimity; but she was silent, being afraid to trust herself, in giving vent to the feelings which agitated his breast.

Colonel Maitland handed her and the children to the carriage, requesting me to take a seat with them, as he wished to accompany his friend Mr Belfield in another carriage.

During our ride, Mrs Maitland did not speak for several miles, and I kept prattling to the children about what they remarked on the road. After travelling nearly two hours, " My dear Sir," said she, " I observe how much you feel for us, and most sincerely thank you for the sympathy that you vainly attempt to disguise. Had you been less affected, I should have thought I had made a false estimate of your heart. I also have been endeavouring to disguise my feelings; some of these, I suspect, from not knowing them, you cannot enter into, and they are produced by different causes. I will not affect to say, that I am totally indifferent to our future fate. We are removing with a reduced establishment, at best, perhaps, to become wanderers in the world; but had I left Maitland-place, to take possession of the finest mansion in England, I believe that I should have felt nearly as I do at present. There are so many associations, that are for ever loosened, every one of which I conceive as a pleasure, or rather as a friend, torn from my heart; yet, while Colonel Maitland and my children are left me, I will not regret

any privation that we may have to encounter. He has long been a kind and affectionate husband; and at present, I am perfectly aware, that if he cared less for me, his sufferings would be incomparably lighter. Could I see his peace of mind restored, I am certain, all that we have lost would never extort a painful sigh from my bosom. We have still a competency left, and must now learn to exercise economy; it will only be sacrificing the superfluities of life; its necessaries, and even its real comforts, are still within our reach. This reverse may be of the utmost utility to our children; they will be taught greater exertion, and to calculate less upon the fortuitous advantages of rank and wealth. For myself, I would not at this moment exchange situations with any individual of the Bramble-brae family, who are hated for their pride, flattered for their wealth, and scorned for their meanness. There is a dignity attached to the human mind, which I will still endeavour to support: it is only when I think of, or look at, the Colonel and my children, that I act the woman. A com-

bination of circumstances have this morning overcome my usual magnanimity; but the fit is now over, and if you please, we shall drop the subject."

After proceeding another stage, we stopped for the night. Next day, Colonel Maitland took his seat with his lady, and continued in the carriage with her till our arrival in London.

In a short time after they sailed for Ireland; I accompanied them down the river, and felt an oppression upon my mind, for which I was at a loss to account. When parting with Colonel Maitland and his lady, their assumed composure entirely forsook them; and the half convulsive pressure of my hand indicated the state of their feelings. Alas! although I conceived it doubtful, whether I should ever have the pleasure of again seeing them, little did I anticipate, that I held Mr Belfield's hand for the last time! He had given me some additional instructions concerning his business, with the key of the library at Hawthorn-Lodge, to procure some papers, and spoke of returning in about two months. He again

pressed my hand as I stepped into the boat; and I endeavoured to console myself with the pleasing hope, that the change of scene would tend to raise the depression of his spirits.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Should the bright spark of vestal fire
In some unguarded hour expire,—
Pity may mourn, but not restore;
And woman falls—to rise no more!

MOORE.

I RETURNED to London, but having neither leisure nor inclination to protract my stay, left it next morning. At the end of my first day's journey, I stopped at an inn of respectable appearance; and was just preparing to go to bed, when my host entered my room, and, with much politeness, inquired if I was a clergyman.

The interrogation rather surprised me, and I asked his reason for the question. "Sir," said he, "my reason is neither unbecoming a

man nor a Christian: This afternoon, two gentlemen, one of them my landlord, brought a woman into my house, whom they had found upon the road, at a small distance from the town. She was very sick, and much emaciated, and as the parish-overseers could not be found to-night, they insisted upon my receiving her till to-morrow; then sent for a physician, and ordered her to be properly attended. The doctor is with her just now; he assures me there is no chance of her recovery. She is perfectly sensible; but affirms that she is dying, and cannot leave the world in peace, unless she see a clergyman; and has entreated both the doctor and me, if we have any feeling for a poor miserable sinner, to procure one for her as speedily as possible. Our curate is absent, and I do not know that another can be got within several miles. Now, Sir, I think, if you can speak peace to a departing spirit, you will not decline so humane a duty."

I was in a melancholy mood; and although I had no wish to become a confessor, I was too much interested by the tale to refuse visiting a person just about to take leave of life

and all its concerns: I therefore requested the landlord to conduct me to the room, where I found the physician, and the landlady acting as nurse.

The patient was apparently about forty-five or fifty years of age; her face had once been fine, and her features were very expressive;—the ravages of mental, more than bodily sickness, were visible in her countenance. Death had laid his chilling hand upon her cheek, her eye seemed no longer fixed on external objects, and she was lying upon the bed in a reclining posture. On my approaching her, she attempted to raise her eyes, and inquired if I was a clergyman; and upon being answered in the affirmative, she requested that the physician and I would sit down. "I feel myself dying," said she, "and have no wish to live; but I believe that I shall leave this scene of trouble and sorrow with greater tranquillity, after having unburthened my mind." A slight cordial was administered to her, and after pausing a little, she proceeded thus:

"I am the daughter of respectable parents, who, happily for their peace, are not alive

to witness my degradation. My father was a merchant, and continued to live in a style, which led the public to believe that he was in good circumstances; but his death, at an early period of life, left my mother with three children, of whom I am the youngest, without the means of supporting them. Soon after this, my eldest brother went out to India, and the other into a counting-house in London, from which he was sent to a commercial establishment on the Continent, where he died a few months after his arrival. My mother died when I was ten years of age. A paternal uncle took me under his protection, and in my fourteenth year bound me apprentice to a milliner in London. I continued with her seven years; and, along with a knowledge of my business, I learned to think and act very differently from the infant lessons which I had been taught by my excellent mother.

"There were several girls older than I in the shop. At first, the vivacity of their manners surprised me; but being naturally of a cheerful disposition, and without any fixed

principles, or sense of my danger, habit soon reconciled me to irregularities of behaviour; which I now find influenced my future conduct in life, and have ultimately led to my ruin. Do not think that I became what the world generally terms vicious and abandoned; but I was of that age, when the propensities of youth require to be checked, rather than prompted by improper associations. There was a levity in the language, and a freedom in the manners which we used, that tended to promote ideas, and familiarise our minds with subjects incompatible with virgin innocence; and so long as we kept within the bounds of external decorum, we believed it impossible to be guilty. Indeed, among my companions were one or two, who, I was convinced, had not even this merit; and foolishly comparing myself with them, I found the balance so much in my own favour, that I set myself down as a model of propriety of conduct.

"During my stay here, among other beaux with whom we romped and gallanted, was a young man lately set up in business, the son

of a respectable merchant in the city. He was genteel in his person, gay in his manner, and polite in his address; he professed a sincere and inviolable attachment to me, and sought my company frequently. I have already said, that I was not very scrupulous about decorum, and had no objections to the flirtations of my admirer; although I still exercised that degree of prudence, which repelled his freedoms so far, as to preserve my character unspotted, while my mind was polluted. This man, by idleness and dissipation, became bankrupt, and went into the army, before the expiration of my apprenticeship; at the close of which, I went into business for myself, and continued several years to succeed beyond my expectations.

"To my shame I acknowledge, that although during this period I conducted myself with propriety, yet I felt it a kind of restraint upon what was now become my natural disposition. Occupied in a respectable business, and possessed of a fair reputation, I attracted the notice of a gentleman who lodged in the same house, who was a man of edu-

cation and abilities; and, what I ought to have esteemed still more highly, I am certain he possessed inflexible rectitude of conduct. He was employed as corrector of the press to an eminent bookseller in the city. He paid his addresses to me in a mode of courtship less romantic than that of my former lover; but it was certainly more respectful. I was not in love with him, for he was considerably older than I; but having no objection to marriage, the match was concluded."

Here she paused, her exhausted strength being still farther weakened by the apparent oppression of her feelings, and at that moment, the thought darted across my brain, that this was the woman who had so infamously dishonoured my friend Tom Standish. I was about to inquire her husband's name, when it occurred, that I might so far betray my feelings, as to prevent the poor wretch from finishing her relation, the conclusion of which I was now very anxious to hear.

After taking a little wine, and pausing a few moments, she proceeded:

"My husband, I believe, had a most sin-

cere regard for me; but there was a striking contrast in our dispositions; I was still gay and giddy; his affection was too rational—his want of fondness disappointed me—and without cause of complaint, I was unhappy.

"A few weeks after our marriage, happening one afternoon to be out on business, I met, by mere accident, my old acquaintance and former lover, the military officer, who now styled himself Captain. We instantly recognised each other, and he addressed me with his wonted ease and familiarity; made some particular inquiries, and appeared very much affected when I told him that I was married. I walked into the Park with him—gave him my address; and, without the slightest apprehension that I was acting wrong, laid the foundation of my own infamy. In a short time after he called at the shop; gave some trifling orders; got into private conversation with me; and, by the most insidious and villanous means, succeeded in persuading me, that I was united to one who had deceived me by the vilest hypocrisy; who had left Scotland deeply in debt, after having robbed his

master; and, finally, who had a wife and daughter alive in that country. Although all this did not at first obtain full credit with me, I must acknowledge that my confidence in my husband was shaken. I had before imagined that there was an air of melancholy about him, which he vainly endeavoured to disguise; and this I now attributed to a consciousness of guilt. In short, I became every day more suspecting; and it is the nature of suspicion to create food for its own nourishment. One day my husband left his keys in his desk, and, prompted by my evil genius, I began to rummage among his papers, till at last I found a letter from Scotland, addressed to him by the title of dear husband, stating that the writer and her daughter were well; and signed his affectionate and ever-faithful wife. I was at first resolved to fly in a rage, and to tax him with his guilt; but, upon reflection, I determined otherwise. The Captain, who called in the afternoon, discovered my agitation, and, by a little address, made himself master of the whole. He affected no surprise, saying, it was what

he knew before from indubitable authority, and expressed his surprise how I could stoop to live with such a villain. He now, with many oaths, repeated his declaration of attachment to me, which he swore was unchangeable; and intreated me to leave my perfidious husband immediately, and to carry off all that I could; justifying the measure by this argument, that my property would go to pay the debts of a scoundrel."

Here the poor wretch fainted, and it was a considerable time before she could be recovered. Being at last restored, so far as to speak with difficulty, she continued her narrative with many interruptions, as follows:

"I adopted the plan of my infamous seducer—for such, alas! he proved; conveyed away the most valuable of my property; and defrauding my creditors, I robbed and deserted my husband, to elope with a villain, whom Heaven has made the instrument of its just vengeance, to punish my credulity and wickedness.

"He said that he was on leave of absence; that his regiment was lying in Dublin; and

proposed that we should set off thither without delay, by the way of Liverpool, where he had some respectable connexions.

"By the property and cash which I had carried off, I put him in immediate possession of upwards of six hundred pounds, exclusive of jewels and trinkets, of which he was sole guardian.

"After leaving London, he was in no hurry to proceed; and it was nearly six weeks after that we reached within a day's journey of Liverpool. That evening he was, if possible, fonder than ever; he plied me with wine, and pressed me to drink. When I awoke in the morning, I was astonished to find myself alone; and jumping from my bed, I found a letter addressed to me on the toilet. It was written by my seducer; and the tenor was, that he was a villain, and that I had been a credulous fool; that as he had a wife in Liverpool, his conscience would no longer permit him to follow so vicious a course of life, and that it would be in vain to follow him, as before I could reach Liverpool, he would be under sail for the West Indies. He made

some lame apologies for the step he had taken with me; adding a string of fulsome compliments to my beauty, and saying that my charms had bewitched him. He concluded, by recommending it to me to return to my husband, who, he believed, was a worthy and industrious man; telling me, that I should find five pounds in the dressing-box to bear my expenses: 'or,' added the wretch, 'should you feel reluctant to meet your husband, permit me to assure you, that we are not the only fools in the world; and you have a face that will enable you to live anywhere.'

"A moment's examination shewed me, that he had robbed me of every thing, including my personal trinkets, and some fine laces which I had not yet disposed of. I had carried off my husband's watch, of which this wretch had now plundered me. He had indeed paid the bill for our lodgings; but left me without a shilling, except the five pounds above mentioned. Here was 'room for meditation even to madness!'

"How shall I proceed?—I thought the cup of misery, which I had prepared for my-

self, was full to the brim—but, alas! I still had much to suffer. I had left the path of rectitude; hitherto I might have wandered in the mazes of folly, but was never self-accused, or stung by conscious guilt, which, from the moment I am now speaking of, has never ceased to haunt my steps, and visit me nightly on my pillow."

While she made this recital, it was impossible to look on her face, without feeling those strongest emotions of pity which penitent guilt can inspire. After recovering from her violent agitation, she continued thus:

"I must finish my melancholy tale—and my task is ended on earth.—To return to London was impossible—there was horror in the thought. I went forward to Liverpool, and tried to find employment; intending to lead a penitent and humble life. Alas! since that time, many and strange have been its vicissitudes—I have struggled with want—I have resisted temptation; nor did I yield, till I had been two whole days without tasting food—My self-esteem was then irrecoverably lost; and I have since lived sinning, re-

penting, and suffering. The scene is now about to close; and could I obtain pardon from Heaven and my much injured husband, I would bless the hour that will terminate my sufferings and sorrows!"

I now ventured to ask if her husband's name was Standish. She gave a wild shriek, and cried, "It is—it is! Do you know him?—Is he alive?—Where is he?" These questions were repeated with a kind of hysterical volubility. I deemed it unnecessary and improper, in her present state, to shock her agitated feelings with any particular account of Mr Standish; and therefore told her, that he was an old acquaintance of mine, but that I had seen him only once since she left him, and did not know if he was now alive.

She conjured me, if I could feel for the agony of a dying sinner, to endeavour to find him, and report her confession; adding, that dying as she now was, if she knew where to meet him, she would creep upon her knees to die at his feet;—that she was thus far on her way to London to seek him, but death had arrested her progress.

I addressed her in such language as I thought best suited to her situation, promising, if in my power, to communicate to her husband her sentiments and contrition.

I left her tolerably composed; but, next morning, was told that she had passed a sleepless night, and was much worse; and the physician, who again visited her, pronounced, that the effect produced upon her frame, by the recapitulation of her history and her interview with me, was such, as, added to her bodily weakness, and the fatigues which she had undergone, would unavoidably accelerate her death, which he thought would happen in the course of that day, or the night following.

I resolved upon stopping another day on this account; and, according to the physician's prediction, her sufferings terminated that afternoon. I now began to reflect upon my promise, of endeavouring to find Mr Standish; but it required little consideration to satisfy me, that, although I were to return to London for that purpose, it would be a hopeless attempt. I therefore ordered a pri-

vate, but decent funeral, for the poor remains of her who was now escaped beyond the scorn and suffering of the world. Having seen dust committed to dust, and discharged the necessary expenses, I next morning proceeded to Hawthorn-lodge.

CHAPTER XL.

" The bridegroom may forget his bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been;
The mither may forget the bairn
Sits saftly smiling on her knee;—
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me."

BURNS.

A SHORT time after my arrival, I received a letter from Mr Belfield, announcing that he and his friends had arrived safe in Ireland, where he would endeavour to stay for some time, chiefly for the sake of Colonel Maitland and his lady, whom he wished as far as possible to reconcile to their misfortunes. The business that I had to do for Mr Belfield, was always too soon discharged; as I felt it

my greatest relief from weariness and langour almost insupportable.

One day, when sitting in the library, arranging some papers, I took up a volume of the British Poets that lay on the music table: it opened at Shaw's Monody on the Death of his Lady; and there I found the following copy of verses, in Mr Belfield's hand-writing.

ANNA'S HARP.

Let Pleasure tread the festive hall,
The voice of Mirth re-echo round;
From Beauty's lip Love's accents fall,—
My soul would sicken at the sound.

Let splendid lustres light the dome,
And music charm the listening ear;
But where my heart had fixed its home,
Lone Silence dwells in darkness drear.

Yet I will seek that sacred bower,
And breathe unseen my vesper prayer;
And muse upon the twilight hour
When Love entwined his myrtles there.

But blighted now, the vernal scene,
 Dark waves the gloomy cypress shade;
And under Anna's turf of green,
 My heart's best hope is ever laid.

Her tuneful harp neglected stands;
 The trembling strings in silence sleep,
O'er which I've seen her snow-white hands
 In graceful motion lightly sweep.

How have I gazed with raptured eye,
 To see her taper fingers move;
How thrilled my soul with ecstacy,
 When every chord was strung to love!

And when her gentle touch inspired
 The notes to pensive numbers dear,
The eye that Love's own lightning fired,
 Dissolved in Pity's softest tear.

No mortal hand has waked its sound,
 Since Anna's angel spirit fled;
Even babbling Echo sleeps around,
 Still as the mansions of the dead.

And ever silent be the strings,
 On which her ivory fingers fell!
Unless conveyed on viewless wings,
 Young zephyrs teach the notes to swell.

At eve, the pale moon's mellow light
Soft on the chords is seen to fall;
While sad I sit, and court the night,
Dim shadows flitting on the wall.

I, through the casement, mark the gleam
Of twilight, fading in the sky;
Rapt in some visionary dream,
Of forms unseen that hover nigh.

Then Fancy hears a seraph choir
Awake the soft ethereal strain;
My soul resumes its wonted fire;
'Tis Anna's harp that sounds again!

When midnight slumbers seal my eyes,
Some gentle spirit sweeps the strings;
Care from my downy pillow flies,
While on my ear its echo rings.

It mingles with the mountain blast,
When winter's ruffian tempests blow;
When summer's thunder peal is past,
I hear its cadence murmuring low:

I hear its deep note's hollow bass,
When Ocean heaves his foaming wave;
It whispers through the dewy grass,
That decks my Anna's early grave:

I know it is illusion all;
   Yet listen and believe again:
The bliss that comes at Fancy's call,
   Beguiles the heart of real pain.

Then blow, ye winds! ye tempests, roar!
   Ye deep-toned thunders, darkly roll!
Ye foaming billows, beat the shore!
   And sooth my sorrow-burthened soul!

Descend, dear visionary form!
   And nightly pour thy heavenly balm;
For thou canst hush the mental storm,
   That Reason wants the skill to calm.

And ever silent be the wire,
   By mortal hand untouched for ay;
Since she, who could its notes inspire,
   Is mingled with her kindred clay.

Breathe not again, ye sacred strings!
   (For Anna's cheek has ceased to bloom!)
Till her loved shade, on angel wings,
   Awake your echoes o'er my tomb!

This was evidently an effusion of Mr Belfield's, written since the death of his amiable and beloved lady. I took a copy, and replaced the original with the most scrupulous veneration.

Something more than two months had elapsed, when I received a letter, with the Dublin post mark, sealed with black, and addressed in a hand to which I was a stranger. I opened it with trembling hand, and read as follows:

"Sir,—At the request of Colonel Maitland, I sit down to communicate an event, which has plunged him in the deepest sorrow, and will, I understand, be very afflicting to you. Most sincerely do I wish, that it had been my fate to have opened our correspondence upon a less painful subject; but 'the ways of heaven are dark and intricate.'

"Your friend Mr Belfield had been making a tour through Ireland, with Colonel Maitland, his lady, their eldest daughter, and a small party of friends, among whom I had the pleasure of reckoning myself.

"We arrived a few days since at the seat

of a gentleman, in the vicinity of the celebrated Lake of Killarney; and the next day, after breakfast, it was proposed that the party should have an excursion upon the lake. We were in two small boats; in one were Colonel Maitland, four ladies, two children, and myself; in the other were Mr Belfield, our host, a gentleman aged about sixty-five, Mrs Maitland, her daughter, and other three ladies. We had rowed for some time, keeping at a short distance from land, admiring the wild and romantic scenery on the borders of the lake; when a breeze springing up, we hoisted sail, and were making considerable way—a sudden squall blew Miss Maitland's hat into the water; the poor girl, stretching hastily over the boat, attempting to catch it, overreached herself, and fell into the lake. Mrs Maitland, with a celerity that none could prevent, sprung after her child. Mr Belfield had no sooner witnessed this, than he made a sudden leap from the other side of the boat, struck his breast on the gunwale, and plunged after the unfortunate pair. The boat being under sail, each of the three was at some distance

from the other; and before the boat could shorten sail, she was still farther from the nearest.

"Miss Maitland had already sunk, and her mother was just going down, when Mr Belfield reached her; but having lost all presence of mind, in the agony for her child, she grasped Mr Belfield in such a manner as prevented him from swimming, and, in the struggle, dragged him down along with her: they both again appeared upon the water, just as the boat reached them, and were with difficulty got on board, apparently lifeless; but Miss Maitland had sunk to the bottom. We were considerably to leeward, and only reached them as the sufferers were placed in the boat. All possible despatch was made for land; and before we reached the shore, both exhibited signs of life. No time was lost in procuring assistance; but Mrs Maitland continues speechless. Mr Belfield is quite sensible; but very weak, and complains much of his breast: The Colonel's situation it is impossible to describe.

"Such are the calamities of an hour, I may say, a minute! All the party are plunged in

the deepest affliction. I am incapable of forming an opinion respecting the recovery of the sufferers.

"Colonel Maitland begs, that you will excuse his not writing, as he is really incompetent to the task; but requests, that you will rely upon hearing from him, as soon as he can perform the melancholy duty. You shall be regularly advised of any change that may take place. I am, Sir, your's respectfully,

JOHN KING.

"*P. S.*—Miss Maitland's corpse was found about an hour ago."

Four days after, another letter arrived, saying, that Mrs Maitland was a little better, and expected to recover; but that Mr Belfield was in a high fever, and quite insensible, and that the physician had very slight hopes of his recovery.

Two posts later terminated my inexpressible anxiety and suspense, by the following letter from Colonel Maitland.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Immersed, as I now am, in sorrow that reaches to the heart, if any thing could add to it, it would be that of in-

flicting such a wound on your feelings, as, I am aware, must follow when I inform you, that our dear and worthy friend Mr Belfield is no more—he breathed his last this morning.

"It is the opinion of the physician, that he had received some considerable injury when he fell in the boat, particularly as his breast was discoloured.

"In the last hour that he retained his senses, he pronounced himself dying, and requested that his remains might be carried to Scotland, and laid beside his Anna. He added, that he had still much to say and do; and requested me to have a notary in the house as early as possible. He was procured —but, alas! long before he arrived, our dear friend was in a delirium, which continued to his death. He talked often of Mrs Belfield, calling her always his "angel Anna;" and sometimes mentioned your name, Mrs Maitland's, and mine.

"In compliance with his dying request, I have taken the necessary measures for carrying his remains to Scotland, as speedily as

possible; and shall, if practicable, endeavour to accompany them.

"I must leave to you the melancholy task of the arrangements necessary; therefore you and Mr Belfield's friends will act according to your own judgments.

"Although I hardly know how I can venture to leave Mrs Maitland, yet, as my dear and lamented friend lost his own life endeavouring to preserve her for me, I find it an imperious duty, even if I were not prompted by the warmest friendship, to discharge the last offices to his remains.

"I shall again write to you, fixing the time of our intended arrival.

"For a long time past, my feelings have been fixed upon what now vanishes before me. What are wealth and honour, with all the baubles they can purchase, compared with love, friendship, and domestic felicity? The dear partner of my heart, I now find, is to me beyond all that the world can bestow. Most willingly would I renounce a diadem, were it encircling my brow, in exchange for my daugh-

ter and my friend, could they be again restored to me.

"But I feel that I am thinking too keenly on this subject, and my mind can rest on no other. Should my dear Eliza be torn from me, life would be an insupportable burden.

"I am sure, your own feelings will excuse the abruptness with which this letter is closed by your afflicted friend,

G. MAITLAND."

Painful was the interval of time, from the receipt of the letter announcing Mr Belfield's misfortune, till I received this last; and, Oh! dreadful was the consummation! I sunk into a lethargic stupor, from which I awoke to incoherent ravings.

It was with difficulty I could calm my mind, to communicate the necessary information to Mr Belfield's friends, and request them to give directions for the funeral.

A special messenger was sent by Colonel Maitland the moment they had crossed the Channel, fixing the time of their arrival.

The neighbouring gentlemen went forward a score of miles, to meet the melancholy vehicle,

that conveyed the lifeless clay of one almost universally beloved and esteemed. His tenants, servants, and dependents, of almost every description, went the same distance, with expressions of genuine sorrow that could not be suppressed. Slowly, and with silent solemnity, the cavalcade passed along; and when arrived at the confines of the narrow house, not a whisper was heard among the numerous crowd of spectators—the clods that fell upon the coffin echoed to the hearts of all present. The undertaker, who goes hand in hand with death, looked around; sorrow had clouded every face, and the tear was trembling in many an eye; he could not resist the infection, and, sympathizing with his fellow-mortals, he (although a stranger) mingled in the general grief.

Of my own feelings, I cannot speak—they were undefinable; and what I have now related is from the information of others; for of all that was then passing before me, I had very indistinct perceptions. My eyes were fixed upon the grave and its untimely inhabitant; but my thoughts were wandering beyond the narrow bounds of earth and time;

my mind was fixed on illimitable space and endless duration, but all was vagueness and confusion.

When my thoughts were to a certain degree collected, the sensations of despondency, hope, and sorrow, were so blended, that although I retained the consciousness of mortal existence, I had lost the power of reasoning: I felt not the earth on which I stood; and I saw my friends and acquaintance, like an undistinguished mass, floating before me. Light seemed to vanish; and I conceived myself immovably fixed in darkness and impenetrable gloom.

The clergyman and some other friends conducted me home; and endeavoured to recall my wandering senses, by intimating to me, that my presence and information would in all probability be necessary, among those who were now to enter upon the settlement of my departed friend's affairs. Colonel Maitland had accompanied the funeral; but was most anxious to return, and insisted so strenuously upon my accompanying him, that I could not refuse.

He urged the present state of my feelings, and how desolate I should deem the most comfortable residence at Hawthorn-lodge. The repetition of this name fixed my determination, and we set off next morning early. And so great was his anxiety again to see Mrs Maitland, that we posted it all the way, on both sides of the Channel. We found her progressively recovering, but still sadly distressed for her daughter. She became quite impatient to leave her present residence; for she could not walk to the window, without looking upon the lake, and its appearance had a dreadful effect upon her nerves. They proposed taking lodgings for the winter, and requested as a favour, that I would become their inmate: this, however, I in the most positive manner declined, being resolved upon returning to Scotland. I accompanied them across the country to the Colonel's sister's; our parting was affectionate and sorrowful, and again, after crossing the Channel, I arrived, a forlorn and isolated being, at Hawthorn-lodge.

The heir, who had taken possession of the mansion-house, had dismissed Roger from his

office; and I could not help remarking, that he behaved with great distance and reserve to me at our first interview, which I observed to increase every time we met; and in a few weeks after my return, he waited upon me, and rather rudely inquired, by what right or tenure I held the premises which I occupied. Upon informing him, that I had a lease from the late Mr Belfield, he requested to see it. I put it into his hands; he perused, returned it, and went away, without making a single observation. In a few days after, he transmitted a letter to me, intimating, that the lease I held was illegal; and that if I chose to remove quietly, it was well, as it would save me both trouble and expenses; otherwise, he was determined to try the question at law, and I must abide by the result.

After what had recently happened, this was a trivial misfortune: Hawthorn-lodge had now lost all its charms for me; and had the proprietor left me to myself, it is probable that I would have put him in full possession; but, sunk in apathy and indifference to the world as I was, I had no inclination to be dragooned

into a measure merely by the threats of one, whose manner shewed, that he was alike incapable of treating either the memory of the dead, or the survivors, with common delicacy. I consulted a professional friend upon my situation, who, after a careful perusal of the lease, said, that some parts were not sufficiently explicit, and left special room for a quibbling lawyer; that, although he would have no great fear of the issue, still it was doubtful; and, in the event of my losing the cause, I would be subjected to a very heavy expense, as there was no doubt that he would directly carry it before the Court of Session, and protract the litigation as long, and probably carry it as far, as possible, rather than renounce his claim. But, granting that I were to gain the suit, it appeared exceedingly probable, that it would be procrastinated for a period equal to the length of my lease; and, during that time, there was an incalculable number of ways in which my situation might be rendered inconvenient and disagreeable; which, contrasted with what I had hitherto enjoyed, would aggravate my misery far beyond what I could

just now anticipate. I felt the full force of his reasoning, and without hesitation replied, that I would never enter the lists with an antagonist who possessed such power, and was apparently so selfish and devoid of every delicate feeling.

My friend recommended a compromise, saying that he had no doubt that the gentleman would give me a reasonable sum to remove, rather than hazard the issue of an uncertain litigation. He frankly offered to open a negotiation upon the subject. This proposal, at his pressing request, I accepted, and it was soon brought to a conclusion; for my antagonist peremptorily replied, that he would enter upon no terms of accommodation; that the property either was his or mine, and he would abide by the decision of law, to which he was determined to have recourse without delay. This threat he put in immediate execution; for in a few days after, I was served with a summons to the Court of Session.

I was now sick of the world, and exclaimed, with the hapless bard of Ayrshire, "Who would wish for many years! What is it but to

drag existence until our joys gradually expire, and leave us in a night of misery; like the gloom which blots out the stars one by one from the face of night, and leaves us without a ray of comfort in the howling waste!"

CHAPTER XLI.

"Alike if Folly, or Misfortune, wrought
These last of woes, his evil days have brought."
LANGHORNE.

ALTHOUGH I had formed no determination where I should fix my residence, yet I was firmly resolved to remove as soon as possible. I therefore made arrangements for disposing of such moveables as I was not likely to have occasion for; and, in the mean time, I took a trip to Glasgow to visit a friend, in some degree to relieve my mind from the oppression under which it laboured. I stopped about a month in that city, except a few days which I spent in Greenock; where one day, as I was passing along the street in the twilight, I saw

a crowd collected, and, upon coming up, I found they had been attracted by an itinerant preacher, who had taken his stand at a corner, and was holding forth with stentorian lungs.

Impelled by curiosity, I approached nearer, and looking at the speaker, recognized both the face and voice of my old acquaintance Tom Standish, whose present strange and unexpected appearance, conjured up a host of no very pleasing ideas. However, recollecting the promise I had given to his lately deceased wife, I considered this a favourable opportunity for discharging it; and therefore resolved to wait the conclusion of his harangue.

I contrived to place myself pretty near him, yet beyond the reach of his observation, and listened with considerable attention. His discourse might have been termed a medley, in which the most discordant topics were blended.

He established some doctrines with a fertility of logical argumentation, exhibited a profound erudition in the illustration of some

passages, and appeared to possess a key to the passions, in pourtraying the beauty of virtue and the deformity of vice; while, in the midst of this fine declamation, he suddenly deviated into the controversies of the schoolmen, and from these the transition was easy to the labyrinths of metaphysics.

In fine, some of his corruscations of genius were like the meteors that illuminate a wintry sky, shedding a momentary gleam on the path of the bewildered traveller, and instantly leaving him enveloped in fogs and darkness. Not caring to address him in the crowd, I stepped into a tavern just by, and desired a servant to fetch him in, when he had finished the stave which he had just struck up, to the sublime tune of Walsal, or St John's.

Upon his being introduced, he gave a theatrical start, and saluted me with, "Most reverend signior, my very noble and approved good master!" I shook him by the hand, and, in a calm and grave accent, requested him to be seated, asking what he would choose to drink. He replied, that he had spoken a great deal, and being thirsty, would take a

glass of rum and cold water. While he was helping himself, I surveyed his dress, which was singular enough. He wore a large bushy gray cut wig; a white muslin cravat, which seemed to have been bordered with lace in days of yore, but was at present richly bedaubed with snuff; a coat of French gray, completely threadbare; the vest had once been black satin, and exhibited divers specimens of needlework, not exactly in conformity with the original; his linens did not rival the lily. Pantaloons of threadbare cassimere, supplied the place of small-clothes; they seemed as if made for a Patagonian, displaying rather a paucity of buttons, and, I am inclined to think, were a *succedaneum* for stockings; his shoes testified that he was industrious, travelling in his vocation.

I inquired after his health, and how he had been employed since our last interview. "In reply to your first question," said he, "you see I am well; respecting the second, a drink is shorter than a tale—Will you sup with me?" I gave a hesitating assent, observing which, "Ah!" said he, "you are afraid of

your dignity? Have you already forgot that I am a clerical character? Why, Sir, I have more occasion for respectability of character than you! Should I behave indecorously to-night, the crowd would desert me to-morrow —at least a certain proportion, the well-meaning ignorant vulgar—and they always pay best."

"Pray, how long have you practised the trade of an itinerant preacher?"

"Ever since I renounced that of a strolling player."

"Ay! so you have been upon the boards!"

"To be sure I have—and was very glad to get off!"

"Did you find it unpleasant, or was it unprofitable?"

"Both! I had a host of objections to it—They may talk of a player's being an idle life; but, for my part, I would much rather be a drayman's horse; for although I might work hard, I would fare well; but as a player, I toiled incessantly, and was starved into the bargain. Why, my dear fellow, you have no conception of what one like me, who has not,

as we may say, been bred to the business, must encounter. The difficulties are innumerable, and the greater part of them insurmountable. A man must cry, when every muscle of his mouth is operating in a contrary direction, and must learn to command every spring in his face, whose impulse comes from the mind, as if it moved by clock-work; he must have a memory that will retain a subject upon twice reading, and last for ever after. When he is wondering what he shall next procure to eat, he ought to be thinking what he is to say. If he happens to be out in his part, he is hissed by the audience, and scolded, probably threatened, by the manager. A strolling player, Sir, should be able, like the cameleon, to live upon air, with the exception of liquids; for a savoury roast, or a plum-pudding, is out of the question. Again, if to raise his drooping spirits, he venture upon a little stimulant, and happen to hold the bottle a few seconds too long at his head, it has an effect upon an empty stomach, which is soon visible on the stage. And as the audience, and spectators in general, have a great aver-

sion to rotatory and zig-zag motions, the hapless performer is hissed and pelted with missiles of various descriptions.

"Far different is the occupation of an itinerant preacher; his audience pay nothing for admission, and may retire when dissatisfied; but in general they listen with attention, and behave devoutly."

Here the waiter entered with supper, to which Mr Standish did ample justice. When the cloth was removed, he ordered in a bowl of rum-punch, saying, that he had always the good luck to meet me, when he had a full pocket. He thus resumed his observations on itinerant preaching.

"I said that my audience at a sermon are far less capricious than in the theatre. My sermons are all extemporaneous effusions, or nearly so; and should I at any time talk myself out of matter on the subject which I meant to illustrate, or run aground in an argument, why it requires only a slight dexterity, and the necessary confidence, to introduce some other topic: and this has its uses; it shews a range of information, and a versatility of

talent that strike with astonishment. Did you hear me to-night? Twice I lost myself—and once I deliberately dashed into metaphysical jargon. For in preaching to the mob, it very generally holds, that they admire most what they least understand; and there, if the speaker wishes to appear sublime, he has only to be incomprehensible. Another advantage which I find in preaching is, that if I happen to be seized with a vertigo (which is sometimes the case), I get my back to a wall, and, by a little address, can convert my deviations from a perpendicular position, into energy and action, resulting from my being warmed with my subject."

He began now to push the glass across the table, with a rapidity of succession which rather alarmed me for the consequences. I therefore requested, that he would soberly and seriously tell me how he lived.

"Why," said he, "I have told you already—I have spouted plays and distributed quack-medicines, before I entered upon my present vocation. Of all these occupations, the drama is the least productive; and of the two last, the

advantage vacillates between them, according to the quarter of the country where the scene is laid. The whig counties are the best for an itinerant; one can expatiate upon what are called high-flying doctrines, and talk of mysteries in endless succession of words, taking care occasionally to throw in a few cabalistical phrases, to season the olio. I have at this moment several counties of Scotland in my eye, where I think I can still live comfortably for a year or more. But I must avoid morality—it is legal and damnable doctrine! And now, Sir, to confess a truth to you, this is what creates my greatest aversion to my present occupation; for, conscious of my own deviations, I am the more enamoured with the beauty of virtue, and the more strongly impressed with the necessity of inculcating sound and strict morality upon every mind; for although I myself have wandered from the path which I feel it impossible ever to regain, still I wish others to avoid my course. But why should I descant on this subject? I am only a lump of animated clay, and exist for no other purpose but merely to live! Be it so!"

Concluding thus abruptly, he tossed off a glass, and again began filling.

I then asked him if he had ever seen or heard of his wife. "Confound her!" cried he; "let her go to the devil!" "Hush!" said I, "how do you know but she has repented long ago; or what she may have suffered?" "True," replied he; "but I never expect to hear good of her; and it is now too late, were she a Lucretia!" "Too late, indeed!" exclaimed I—and I told him the whole of her story, and delivered the charge she had given me. The poor wretch, after sitting for some time almost motionless, exclaimed with a bitter sigh, "Well, I hope God has forgiven her, as I do!" He reached across the table—seized my hand, and cried like a child.

When this ebullition of grief had exhausted itself, he said,

"Oh, Sir! I am a poor, lost, infatuated being—a wanderer—an outcast from society. I have no aim, no end in view, beyond that of prolonging a miserable and worthless existence. I neither believe, nor practise, what I generally preach; I have taken up the trade,

because I know no other by which I am equally certain of procuring subsistence. The public cannot despise me, so much as I loathe myself—therefore I am reckless about the opinions of others. I am aware that a few days here will render me the object of scorn, and even insult from the populace: What then! I must shift the scene; and, to speak freely, this is what exactly suits me. I can now form no friendships in the world; there is nothing that attaches me to life, or interests me beyond the present moment—I look forward without hope, and backward with sickness of heart. I am dwindled into a mere animal machine, having almost succeeded in banishing reflection: I neither court nor care for an enjoyment, beyond that of eating and drinking. I seek no man's esteem, for I feel it impossible to preserve it. Come, your glass! —Drink, and drive dull care away!"

He emptied his glass—filled another—gulped it up, and swinging the glass round his head, vociferated,

"Life is all a variorum,
And we care not how it goes!
Let them cant about decorum,
Who have characters to lose!"

At the same time tossing handfuls of copper, with some silver intermixed, on the table, "There," said he; "I have already to-day earned and paid for a good dinner, and that is the fruit of my evening labours; but,

> "Why should we quarrel for riches,
> Or any such glittering toys?
> For a light heart, and a thin pair of breeches,
> Go through the world, brave boys!"

His extravagance increased every moment, and in a short time he became quite frantic. I had made several attempts to get away; and when he saw me determined, he at last seized both my hands, threatened, entreated, looked wistfully in my face, and blubbered like a school-boy when about to be whipped. Continuing to hold me fast with one hand, he seized the glass with the other, drank it off, and in less than two minutes sunk upon a chair in apparent insensibility. Glad to escape, I immediately withdrew, settled the bill in another room, and left the house, lest he should recover, and again fasten himself upon me.

After going to bed, I was prevented from sleeping, by ruminating upon this strange in-

terview—talents prostituted, and mind degraded: I felt strong emotions of pity, while, at the same time, it required an effort to restrain my contempt.

Early in the morning I proceeded to Glasgow; and next day received a card from Mr Shaw, a merchant in the city, requesting me to sup with him that evening. This was a gentleman whom I had met oftener than once at Hawthorn-lodge. I accepted the invitation; and Mr Shaw informed me, that having understood I was in town, he had taken the liberty to send for me, not so much from our previous acquaintance, as from what he had heard from our mutual and much-lamented friend Mr Belfield. We both joined in expressing our sorrow at his untimely fate, and talked of some things connected with his affairs.

Among other topics, Mr Shaw, in a very delicate manner, inquired, whether I continued to reside at Hawthorn-lodge; and I mentioned my intention of removing from it as early as possible. He asked me if I had fixed on any place where I intended to settle. Upon my replying in the negative, he said,

that he had three little boys, whom he wished I would condescend to take the charge of, if I had no better prospects, as it would oblige him much, and he would endeavour to make me comfortable. Before parting, I agreed to reside in Mr Shaw's family. His villa was situate at a small distance from the city; and, being a modern house, its splendour and elegance far outshone the modest, but venerable, mansion of Hawthorn-lodge.

Mr Shaw said, that although he could not expect to gain that place in my esteem and affections, which had been so long held by our departed friend; yet he hoped our attachment would mutually increase, and that he would find me a valuable friend. By his advice, I sold off almost every thing, except my library, and a few articles which I retained for the sake of the donors; and with many a painful recollection and tender association, took my last farewell of Hawthorn-lodge.

Could I have forgotten the past, the endeavours of Mr Shaw and his family were certainly adapted to promote my happiness; although there was much more bustle and

parade than I had ever been accustomed to in my late happy residence.

By degrees, a kind of mutual confidence took place between Mr Shaw and me. He one day led the conversation to my affairs, and inquired, whether I had disposed of all my moveables at Hawthorn-lodge, and how I had invested the money arising from the sale. I told him, that it was not yet all realized; but that I had previously saved a few hundred pounds, which were placed in the hands of a merchant, whom I named, for which he paid me five per cent. clear of all deductions; that I intended adding what little I could farther spare, and depositing it in the same hands. Mr Shaw said, so far it was well, and that I might do so; but hinted, that, in a short time, he thought I could make a favourable purchase in the Stocks, where I might receive a fair return, and have additional security. "Observe," said he, "I am far from insinuating any thing against the respectability of the gentleman who holds your little capital; but commerce is liable to many fluctuations; and although there is no probable,

there is a possible hazard: I would therefore recommend, that you invest your money in the public funds." I promised to follow his advice, and be guided by his counsel, when it was a prudent time to purchase.

I had continued about four months in this situation, when, one day at dinner, I observed Mr Shaw to be rather thoughtful. When the cloth was removed, and the ladies had withdrawn, "My dear Sir," said he, after a silence of a few minutes, "I am exceedingly sorry indeed to be the messenger of bad tidings to you; but it is unavoidable—Your little fortune is lost—Mr Bond is a bankrupt! I was to blame in not insisting upon your getting it up; but I knew, or at least believed, that you could purchase stock more advantageously in a few week's hence. It cannot now be helped, and you are not *yet* without a friend—God grant that you never may!" Mr Shaw seemed far less cheerful than usual; and I attributed it to the interest he felt in my affairs.

"Brief let me be!"—My fate was again hastening to a crisis. In two months after this, Mr Shaw also became insolvent, in con-

sequence of being too deeply engaged in the West India trade, and in some continental speculations.

Some said, that he had been imprudent and extravagant: be this as it may, his affairs were in a deplorable state, and there was no hope of his saving any thing from the wreck of his fortune.

His country-house, with all his property, was transferred to the creditors; and his establishment was thus completely broken up.

Mr Bond's affairs were in a still worse situation; his creditors disagreed among themselves; and a litigation took place, which has not yet been decided. I had lodged all my little savings in his hands, of which I have never recovered a shilling.

Again I became a solitary and friendless wanderer on the land that gave me birth. I had reached my grand climacteric; and the stock invested in my name by Mrs Maitland, was the only means now left me for subsistence. What could I now do? or rather, what was I capable of doing?

My qualifications, whatever they might once have been, were almost superseded by young

and more enterprising adventurers on the voyage of life. Although I was what might be termed a hale old man, still I was sensible of the ravages of time, and the gradual decay of my constitution. I had long been accustomed to an easy life; the fatigues of a school I was very doubtful of being able to bear; and no other path appeared before me: even there my success was very uncertain.

Younger men, and more fashionable modes of education, would in general be preferred; for although the principles of science will ever remain the same, yet the public are as fond of a new teacher, as a Bond-street lounger is of a Parisian tailor. However, I resolved to exert myself to procure a situation, being determined to live upon the simplest fare, rather than renounce my independence of mind.

Like other theoretical reasonings, I found this more difficult to practise than I had at first imagined. I was not yet in want; but the dread of being so constantly haunted me. I became afraid to live to-day, lest I should starve to-morrow; and I felt, with secret but indescribable horror, the rapid approaches of

that contraction of soul, which characterises the miser, and separates him from his fellow mortals. I turned from the mendicant with hasty step, while my heart smote me, and I smarted under the reproaches of my own bosom. I had retired to a small room, in an obscure part of the town, and resolved to shun all society, as far as possible; for this purpose, I seldom or never went out, except early in the morning, or late in the evening,—a companion for the owls, if any had fixed their residence so near the dwellings of men.

This mode of life became injurious to my health, and my former melancholy returned with redoubled strength. I had just sufficient exercise of reason still left, to find, that life was not worth holding upon these terms, and that it was necessary I should make a vigorous effort, or sink under the attacks of the foe which was now lurking in my bosom. I might not be able to expel the enemy, but I was determined not to yield without a struggle; and if I should be overcome, rather to die in the breach, than retire to a secret chamber, and give myself up to despair.

Having formed this resolution, I repelled every new attack; went out during the day; took regular exercise to procure sleep; sought society; and, as a never-failing resource against bad weather and low spirits, began to study the German language, and made some progress in translating a very interesting work in that tongue. Such were my defensive weapons; and I soon found that, by constantly exercising them, I could not only keep the enemy at bay, but render him more shy in his approaches. To speak without a metaphor, I became convinced, that timeous and prudent efforts to prevent melancholy will often succeed; and that, like many other passions, its operations affect both body and mind, which produces action and re-action, till the disease becomes desperate, if not incurable.

About this time, an advertisement appeared in the newspapers, for a teacher to a parish school. Conceiving myself qualified, I became a candidate; but before the day of trial, I received a letter from the clergyman of the parish, saying, that my age was an insuperable objection, and that his respect for

me had prompted him to communicate this information, that I might be spared the mortification of a public appearance.

Soon after, I applied for a school supported by private subscription, where the candidates were to undergo a comparative trial. The day of examination came; there were five competitors, all of whom were examined. My knowledge in Latin and mathematics was allowed to be much superior to that of the other candidates; but we had still to exhibit specimens of our English pronunciation. Even after this, the suffrages appeared to be in my favour; when one of the subscribers stood up, and addressed the meeting in these terms:

"Gentlemen, I would be sorry, very sorry indeed, to say any thing that might hurt Mr Campbell's feelings; at the same time it is necessary, absolutely necessary, that we should not allow our delicacy to run away with our judgment; and, with all due submission to Mr Campbell and this company, I say with all due submission, I beg leave to say, that although Mr Campbell's pronunciation may have been good, very good, in its day, yet it

is now far, very far, from being according to the most approved standards. Gentlemen, did you observe the difference between Mr Buskin's pronunciation and Mr Campbell's? I say, gentlemen, did you observe the difference? I could point out many, a great many words; but, wishing to be delicate, I confine myself to a few, a very few; for instance, '*skies*, *burial*, and *plaid*;' I ought also to mention '*satiety*;' they were barbarous, they were intolerable to a delicate ear; and Mr Campbell will excuse me, if I say, that Mr Buskin is the *reader*, the *man* for my money."

A dispute now arose among the subscribers; a majority of whom began to argue, that they conceived arithmetic, and the other branches of mathematics, of more importance to their children than fine speaking; and therefore it was their opinion that I was best qualified for the office. The *amateur* of fine English again addressed them.

"Every one for himself, gentlemen; all's fair, quite fair; and therefore I will now speak my mind fully and freely: Mathematics, and so forth, may suit well enough, per-

haps, with your sons—I have only one son, and he goes to college next session; but you all know that I have seven daughters, I say *seven*, all at school! and to my daughters, a correct pronunciation is of much importance, very much importance indeed; and without offence to the other candidates, of whom I humbly, very humbly beg pardon, with the exception of Mr Buskin, there is not one of them whose language would be tolerated in a provincial theatre; and I am resolved, unalterably resolved, that my daughters shall be taught in the newest, most fashionable, and most approved method, style, and manner; and therefore, unless you appoint Mr Buskin to the office, my *seven* daughters come no more to school! You may, you have a right, gentlemen, the same right as I have, to please yourselves; but my mind is made up, and it is needless, totally needless, to talk more upon the subject."

The subscribers were rather in a dilemma; not quite satisfied with Mr Buskin, and feeling rather reluctant to be dictated to in so peremptory a manner; but, even when unani-

mous, their funds were but small, and they could not easily spare so large a contributor as a subscriber with *seven daughters*. Consequently Mr Buskin, a lad of *sixteen*, was elected, and *threescore and five* was again disappointed!

Foiled, but not overcome, I determined to persevere; for I now felt that, by giving up exertion, the tone and elasticity of my mind would be irrecoverably destroyed. I therefore resolved upon settling in Glasgow, renting a school-room, and advertising for scholars. This plan I immediately carried into effect, and thereby improved my scanty income, and kept melancholy at defiance. I was occupied during the day; and some time after opening school, I first resolved upon this artless narrative of my humble life, as an amusement during the long winter evenings.

During five lingering years, I struggled with my fate, exhausted with daily fatigue, and buried in obscurity. Mine was not an age when I could form new friendships; and in the place where I had fixed my residence,

few sought to associate with an old man, to whose person and mind they were utter strangers. The speculations of commerce occupied their thoughts, and the finesse of buying and selling engrossed their attention, without having any attractions for me. In fine, our minds had no affinity for each other, and our intercourse seldom went beyond the common civilities of society.

CHAPTER XLII.

"Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine;
Even from the *grave* thou *shalt* have power to charm!"
MASON.

I HAD now numbered threescore and ten years, the period mentioned by the Hebrew bard as the limit of the life of man; and finding myself incapable of longer enduring the fatigues of a school, I renounced it altogether.

I became tired of the city, repeating with Cowper,

"God made the country, but man made the town."

My only wish now was to settle myself, if practicable, in some quiet spot, where I might live out my remaining years, with such simple

accommodations as my niggard income would furnish. For this purpose, I made a visit to my old friend Roger, who had now taken a small farm, and was doing well. Upon my arrival, the sincere and hearty welcome which I received, produced an exhilaration of spirits, to which I had long been a stranger.

After mutual inquiries and explanations, Roger seemed anxious, yet afraid, to propose what I so much wished. Perfectly aware of the good man's feelings, I started the subject; and never did I see modesty and benevolence maintain a greater struggle, than was now exhibited by Roger and his kind-hearted Jenny;—most anxious to promote my comfort and happiness, but afraid that their rustic dwelling and habits were ill suited for promoting my comfort. I soon freed them from all concern on that score, and fixed my time of removal.

It was the spring of 1816; and Roger, without saying a word of the matter to me, immediately set about constructing an addition to his house, which was completely finished in summer. It consisted of a small bed-

closet, and a room of about fourteen feet square, with a number of little accommodations. These were destined solely for my use; and when I remonstrated with him upon the expense, he tried to persuade me that it was a trifle; that it would always be useful to his family; and that he had a right to be paid for it at the expiration of his lease.

In the month of July, a strange whim took possession of my mind; and I determined to carry it into execution. This was to make a visit to the spot where the hallowed dust of Maria B. had so long reposed.

The young and gay may laugh, and the cold-blooded men of the world may scoff at my romantic feelings; but in this, as in other parts of the record of my life now before them, I relate my actions, without attempting to justify them, far less to hold them up as examples. I am afraid that too often they may rather be considered as beacons; but I have endeavoured to give a fair unbiassed account of my feelings and my conduct. My attachment to Maria B. was pure and hallowed from the beginning; it was nursed by

enthusiasm; and, unlike to most early associations, which, when the tie is rent asunder, are healed by time, mine

"Grew with my growth, and strengthened with my strength."

I was so fully aware that my present purpose would be considered as the romance of dotage, that I could not avow it even to Roger. I told him, that I intended to visit the spot that had given me birth, and once more bend over the graves of my beloved parents. The proposal met his hearty approbation; and he said, that, as he could take a few days leisure, and the horses were idle, he would accompany me. I saw so much kindness in this offer, that I could not inflict the pain of refusing him as a companion; although I really wished to make the journey alone.

We set out on a Monday morning, and, on Wednesday, I once more trod the haunts of my early days. But their features, like my own, were changed; although unlike me, who had dwindled into wrinkled old age, the fields around me smiled in renovated youth.

The clustered villages had disappeared; and the daisied greens, where the village lasses bleached their linens, while the noisy children gamboled around them, were no longer to be seen. The straw-covered farm-house, had given place to the strong built slated mansion of two stories: stone dykes, and hawthorn hedges, in parallel lines, divided the fields, over which I had formerly run for miles without interruption, except from an occasional ditch, broken down and half choked up by the trampling of cattle. Thick and verdant belts of planting sheltered them from the northern and easterly winds. The thickets of furze and broom had been grubbed up; and the heath, which formerly, about this season, shone so gay with its purple blossoms, was now covered with the dark and sombre fir. In short, had it not been for the hills and valleys, the prominent and lasting features of nature, and the church and manse, which remained the same, I should hardly have known the face of the country. Although satisfied that it was improved, still it did not please me: it was not what Memory

had pictured, and what I fondly expected to see.

The inhabitants were almost equally strange. Many of the former occupants had forever bid adieu to the cares of life; and many had been removed to make room for others more spirited and enterprizing. Of one village, which had contained more than twenty families, not a vestige remained, except a few trees in the middle of an inclosed field. In other instances, the mud walls were standing; the track of the chimney blackened with smoke, which formed a striking and melancholy contrast to the rude white-washing, that had formerly been sprinkled around. The recollections of early days, and the associations to which these gloomy pictures gave rise, became painful to the mind; and I hastened over a scene, which afforded no pleasure in contemplating.

As we approached the church-yard, Roger said he would take charge of the horses, and wait for me at the village inn.

Often, during the best years of my life, had I blamed the doating fondness and foolish va-

nity of my mother, who had persisted, (in spite of my father's better sense,) in educating me for the church. The reflections formerly made by me on this subject, had often recurred, confirmed by experience, and my observations on the fate of those, who had about the same time started with me on the journey of life. During every melancholy fit, I ruminated on her foibles with peculiar bitterness.

I approached the spot where her dust reposed, and all these were forgotten ; I thought only of her love, her maternal kindness, and unremitted solicitude to promote my happiness.

Situate near the wall of the church-yard, her grave, and *that* of my father, were less exposed to the foot of the playful school-boy, or the crowding passengers on a Sunday. The turf that covered them was close and unbroken, the grass thickly interwoven with wild flowers. Although convinced that it was of no importance, either to the dead or the living, yet it would have given me pain to have seen their graves trodden down and defaced.

I spent a couple of hours within the narrow limits of a country church-yard; and retired with the reflection, that, at the utmost, a few years would lay me as low and still as if I had never been.

When seated with Roger, and talking over such subjects as were naturally suggested by my visit, I introduced my intention of proceeding to the church-yard of ——, in the next county, that I might have the melancholy pleasure of kneeling on the dust that covered Maria B. Roger said that he would accompany me to any distance, were it likely to promote my happiness; but, in the present instance, he begged leave to express his doubts: "For," said he, "such is the respect, or rather devotion, that you have uniformly shewn to the memory of that lady, that should you fulfil this visit, I fear your feelings may overpower you; and you cannot say what may be the result to your bodily health. However, I now leave it to yourself; and am ready to go forward, if this continues to be your wish." "I thank you," said I,

"for your friendly advice; but my resolutions are formed!"

We proceeded on our journey, and arrived, a little before sunset, at a village about half a mile distant from the silent mansions which I had determined to visit. Upon inquiry, we found that the church and burying-ground had been removed to a considerable distance; that the present Mr B. being a principal heritor in the parish, and the former church having stood in his grounds, he had driven away the materials of the house, but allowed the burying-ground to remain undisturbed, except that he had planted it with trees and shrubs, chiefly weeping birches and evergreens, and inclosed the whole with a neat wall of about three feet high, surmounted by a light railing. Mr B. had said, that his father, while alive, had a pleasure in living among his tenants and dependents; and it was fit that they should now sleep around him in uninterrupted repose.

This last retreat from the pleasures and cares of life, was situate near the bottom of a sloping bank, facing the south-west; be-

hind, tall pines waved dark in the air; nearer, the spreading lime and cheerful mountain-ash mingled their shades; in the valley, a gurgling rivulet murmured over the rocks, which echoed to the cushat as she complained from the surrounding woods. The last rays of the setting sun could scarcely penetrate into this retreat, except, when a slight breeze fanned aside the leaves, that a transient ray shot between. A winding path, nearly parallel to the turnings of the river, had been formed along the banks on the opposite side, and led to this house of silence across a rustic bridge, thrown over between two hoary and rugged rocks; and, after forming several curves in almost impervious gloom, conducted the passenger to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns."

The spot where Mr B.'s ancestors reposed, was separated from the rest of the cemetery by a slight railing on three sides, and on the fourth by a wall, in which were affixed marble slabs, indicating who slept below.

That opposite to Maria's grave was white

as alabaster, and bore the following inscription:

Sacred
To the Memory of
A dutiful, affectionate, and beloved Daughter,
MARIA B.
who died 19th May 17—
in the 21st year of her age.
Her face
was an index to a mind, spotless and amiable:
Her heart
was benevolent, susceptible, and affectionate.
But
Her noblest monument will be found
in the hearts of those
who had the pleasure of enjoying her friendship;
and now lament the untimely blast,
by which so lovely a flower
was swept away,
to blossom in a climate
where Innocence and Virtue
flourish
in perpetual Spring.

Some gentle hand had planted a rose-tree at her head; and a weeping birch, entwined with woodbine, rose at the foot of her grave.

I stood for some time motionless, as in the presence of a superior being. My emotions were too strong to permit me to enter the hallowed domain. . I leaned upon the railing, and observed a half-expanded rose-bud hanging over her head. Unable to disguise my feelings, and consequently afraid of being seen, although rivetted to the spot, I was anxious to retire for the present. After some time, I withdrew, sought my friend, and counted the tardy minutes, till it was near midnight.

Again I sought Maria's lone abode—all was solitude and silence, except the streamlet that faintly murmured over the broken rocks below. The moon shone through the trees, and her silver light fell upon the marble tablet in the wall. As I leaned in silence, the church-clock struck midnight, and its knell mingled with the echoes of the stream; even these I considered as intruders, and disturbers of my dream of visionary bliss. With trembling knees, and palpitating heart, I clambered over the railing, and stretched myself upon the grassy turf. I bathed my face with the dew that glistened on her verdant canopy, and

became insensible of all around me. I felt as if only Maria B. and myself existed in the universe. "Sister of my soul," cried I, "behold him, who for forty years has not forgotten thee. Cold is thy mansion of dust, but thy spirit inhabits regions of celestial light! Take me to thy abode—long and weary has been my pilgrimage; but come now, and conduct me, and I will bless the hour which brings so happy a termination! Come, Maria! promise that thou wilt again meet me, in those fields of cloudless light, where sorrow is unknown, and all is pure as thy seraphic spirit!"

These may perhaps seem the incoherent ravings of insanity. Be it so—they were the ebullitions of an enthusiasm, which I still wish to subside only with my last breath!

Morning had begun to break in the chambers of the east, and I was entirely unconscious of the lapse of time. A slight and suppressed cough, at some distance, awakened me from my dream of rapture; and looking around with fearful inquietude, after a few minutes of painful suspense, I discovered Roger at a

respectful distance. Unwilling to be interrupted even by him, and feeling that the celestial charm was now dissolved, I took my knife, and, with trembling hand, cut off the rose-bud and a sprig of the weeping birch: "Forgive me, Maria!" cried I; "these are emblems of thee—and I will preserve them with sacred veneration!"

Still I lingered, reluctant to leave this hallowed ground; and although my heart was tuned to harmony and peace, yet I mentally execrated Roger, who had not only interrupted, but dispelled, a scene of bliss, a vision of felicity, pleasant and pure, as ever was sketched by Fancy's magic hand.

This kind-hearted friend had been alarmed at my stay, and now came up to meet me. Again I gazed upon the solemn spot, pressed my lips to the cold and senseless marble where her name was recorded, bade a silent farewell to the peaceful and sacred asylum, and unconscious of any earthly care, joined my companion.

We sauntered in the pleasant sequestered walks till morning, that we might not alarm

or disturb the people of the inn; and after breakfast, mounted our horses, and returned home.

CHAPTER XLIII.

" Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
But leave—O, leave the light of Hope behind!
What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
Like angel-visits, few and far between!
Her musing mood shall every pang appease,
And charm—when pleasures lose the power to please."

CAMPBELL.

I CONCEIVE myself as having now almost closed my intercourse with the world. Another year has passed away, during which, if my enjoyments have been few, I have had nothing to complain of; for I have arrived at that stage of life, when there is little either to be hoped or feared.

My residence is in a quarter of the country thinly inhabited, and distant from any mar-

ket-town. Roger is an active and industrious man, and constantly employed on his farm. For some time after I came to reside with him, I expected soon to die of *ennui:* however, when the season will allow, I keep much out of doors, and in winter have recourse to my library, and an occasional hit at backgammon with my landlord. A weekly newspaper, and the Edinburgh Review, (which I have continued to receive since its commencement) constitute my stock of literary intelligence.

When I wish to amuse myself with descriptions of men and manners, I have recourse to the poems of Campbell, Crabbe, and Walter Scott; to which a friend in Edinburgh has kindly added Waverley, Guy Mannering, Tales of My Landlord, and Byron's Poems;—all of which have cheated me of many a lingering hour. Not that I find them all equally interesting and agreeable. Lord Byron's poetry is not adapted to my mental regimen; it is too highly seasoned with misanthropy; and although I find it agreeable to my palate, experience convinces me, that it is not suited to my consti-

tution, which is still liable to attacks of melancholy. There was a time when I should have considered it a literary feast; but I am now contented to admire the originality of his images, the boldness of his conceptions, and the manly independence of mind that pervades the whole, without adopting or approving of his sentiments. For although nearly weary of the world, I neither wish to hate, nor be hated by those that are plodding forward on the same journey, in paths as rugged as mine.

But Walter Scott still affords me many a delicious banquet. His dedications to Marmion furnish a mental feast, the richness of which I would not willingly forego. The pleasing recollections, and tender associations which they call forth, lead back the mind to many an early and delightful scene; they are rich in that delicate sentiment which is most congenial to my soul. Marmion may buckle on his armour, and rush into the combat; even Douglas and Roderic Dhu' may appear in all their native dignity;—I can at any time turn my back on the heroes to re-

pose on a heathy bank with Ellen and Allan Bane; or to moralise on the varying aspects of nature, calling forth the recollections of early days amidst the wild imagery of Ettrick Forest.

The kindness and attention that I experience from my worthy friend Roger and his wife, are constant and sincere; they endeavour to anticipate my wants, and add to my comforts, in every way that their sphere of life will permit.

My property in the public funds is all that I possess, the interest of which would be inadequate to my wants in any other situation, and is far from being a reimbursement to my friends equal to their affectionate and respectful attention, and to the numerous comforts which they take pleasure in providing for me. I have made my will, leaving one half of this little capital to Mrs Maitland's eldest daughter, and the other to Roger in trust for his family.

Before I close my humble Memoirs, it may be expected that I should notice the fate of those, who have occupied a conspicuous place in my narrative.

About nine months after the date of my last letter from my unfortunate friend in New York, I received advice from his father-in-law, that he was no more. The letter spoke of his death in rather ambiguous terms; but stated, that he died suddenly, leaving a widow and an infant daughter.

During his wife's pregnancy, he had requested as a favour, that their child, if a son, should be named after me; and if a daughter, after Mrs Maitland. The child was born, but not baptized, at the time of his death, and had, agreeably to his wishes, been named Eliza.

Colonel Maitland and his lady, after a considerable stay in Ireland, removed to Switzerland; the gloom and misanthropy of his mind increasing daily.

Shunning the rich, and disdaining to associate with the poor, he was almost a recluse. His amiable lady exerted herself, in every possible way, to promote his happiness. The nameless sacrifices which she made, left hardly a comfort in life unimpaired, except the pleasure of attending her children; but these

privations were submitted to with cheerfulness, that she might the more amply discharge her conjugal duties. In a letter which I had from her, she writes thus:

"Were I to indulge in a querulous disposition, perhaps I might find sufficient apologies; but this would be idle; or, worse, it would create or increase the feeling which it is both my duty and my interest to suppress. I therefore study incessantly to cultivate and preserve that cheerfulness of temper, which is more calculated to promote both the Colonel's happiness and my own.

"Spited with the world, he has no enjoyment beyond his own family, all of whom he still loves; although to you I must confess, that his temper has lost much of its fine suavity and even tenor.

"Charles is pursuing his studies, and about him the Colonel has much anxious concern: he cannot think of his son's entering into business, and will not stoop to solicit patronage to promote him in life.

"The younger branches are more immediately under my own eye; and the progres-

sive development of their minds now constitutes my principal enjoyment.

"The greater and better part of life is now past; and if it has not been a scene of uninterrupted pleasure, it has produced to me few serious or lasting vexations. If Providence has seen meet to deprive me and my family of that wealth and rank which we once possessed—why should I repine? We are still left the means of living comfortably; and I feel thankful for what we enjoy, rather than regret for what we have lost.

"Were it possible for my husband's mind to recover its tone, O how great would be my increase of happiness! But this, I much fear, is not now to be expected; and my only resource is, to exercise patience, resignation, and cheerfulness.

"My greatest privation is being exiled from my native land, which I do not expect ever again to see; for the Colonel will not, even in his happiest moments, hear of revisiting the shores of Britain; neither does he wish to see any one by whom he was formerly known. On my own account, all this is lit-

tle, but it is of incalculable importance to my family. They will be brought up not only strangers to the people, habits, and manners of their country, but almost to those of the world at large; for their father now sees no company that it is possible to avoid. He walks out with his gun during the day; at night we play at chess and read alternately. Except upon particular business, he has not written a letter to Britain since our arrival here; and he does not even wish that the place of our residence should be known; so anxious is he to avoid every association likely to produce painful recollections, and so solicitous to hide himself from the world.

"You may regard it as a proof that you stand high in his estimation, when I inform you, that this letter is written at his request. Yesterday after dinner, he asked if I had lately heard any thing of you. 'My dear,' said I, 'how could I? you know he is quite ignorant of our route and present settlement.' 'Poor fellow!' he replied, 'I am afraid he is now, like us, without friends! Write to him; inquire into his fate; we may yet be useful

to him, and can easily spare what would add to his comforts. Or, if you could persuade him to come hither, and unite himself to our fallen fortunes, we should form a little family of friends, forgetting and forgotten by the world. But whatever he may resolve upon, request him not to make our residence public: I wish neither to be pestered with impertinent visitors, nor letters of hypocritical friendship and canting condolence!'

"Such were my instructions; and I am fully convinced, that the Colonel would not only make you welcome, but also reckon you an acquisition to our little circle. That I would do so, I trust you firmly believe. Still I will not second his invitation; as I am rather uncertain whether it would promote your happiness. My husband's heart I know to be the same as ever, but his temper and manner are changed. An angry sally and gloomy fit, although they pass off like an April cloud, might (placed as you would be) disturb your tranquillity.

"It gives me pain to suspect, from some information which I had before leaving Ire-

land, that your latter days are less comfortable than I am sure you deserve. This you have studiously concealed from us. We can still render you effectual assistance; but foolish modesty and false delicacy have been your foibles through life. Will you yet permit us to serve you? Write either to the Colonel or me, under cover to —— ——; and believe me to be, most sincerely, your unchangeable friend, E. MAITLAND."

I replied to this letter, assuring my friends that I was very comfortable, and expressing my most unfeigned wishes for their happiness; but I have not since heard any thing further of the family.

Flora M'Donald has long since completely recovered the use of her reason; but she has lost her former cheerfulness and vivacity; and, to those who know her history, seems never to have forgotten her misfortunes.

The laird of Glenbeath, her seducer, after having offered himself in marriage to several young ladies, is still a bachelor. Shortly after Flora's return from the asylum, stimulated either by conscience or shame. he procured an

account of the expense which she incurred while there, and tendered payment; but, when told that it was already discharged, he added a further sum to the amount, making the whole two hundred pounds sterling, which is deposited in the Bank of Scotland, in Flora's name, and at her own disposal.

Sir Peter Lightfoot and his lady have both been dead some years; and between Mrs Maitland and the rest of that family all correspondence has long ceased. Dick, the militia officer, soon quarrelled with his wife, and they separated by mutual consent some years ago. The lady again took to the stage, and became eminent in her profession. His sister's husband, who retired from the stage at her earnest intreaty, is now a rich farmer, and they live happy and much respected.

My college acquaintance, Tom Standish, continued his trade of itinerant preaching; wandering over great part of the south of Scotland, till his habits of intoxication so far overcame him, that he ceased to preserve even the external appearance of decorum in his labours; when, after a few months more of in-

digence and degrading stupefaction, he was found dead under a hedge, without a hat, with stockings wanting the feet, an old Bible, an empty tin snuff-box, a worn out pen-knife, a pair of spectacles wanting one of the glasses, and one halfpenny in his pocket.

Such have been the principal events of a life, protracted beyond the usual period. From this narrative it is obvious, that I have lived without being useful either to myself or to society. Until a very extraordinary chance threw me in the way of Mr Belfield, I was a mere idler, and a burthen to my parents. The kindness and protection which I experienced at Hawthorn-lodge, were not earned by any exertion of mine: and although the happiest years of my life were passed with Mr Belfield, yet I could never feel that independence of mind, which is essential to the dignity and the happiness of man.

And even now, the bread which I eat, and every the most trivial comfort that I enjoy, are purchased with the bounty of another. From the refined enjoyments and delicate en-

dearments of domestic felicity, I have ever been excluded; and, for years past, no one has participated in my pleasures, or sympathised in my sorrows. I constitute no link in the chain of social life; and there is not a fellow mortal who has an interest in my existence. If I should be stretched upon a bed of lingering sickness, I must become a burden, where I have never been a comfort!

Strangers must perform the last offices to my lifeless clay; no tear will drop upon my tomb—the clods and mouldering bones must fall unheard upon my coffin—while the unthinking spectators will stand around, talking over the news of the day.

The sexton will press down the turf upon my head—the company will turn their backs upon the dreary ma[illegible] the gr[illegible] having consigned to oblivion a weary pilgrim, whose name and family shall then be no more; and before the next Sunday, when they meet on the same spot, I shall be forgotten.

Reader! I have presented you with a faithful record of my actions, my errors, and my

failings—make your own comments. The result of my experience is, that indolence and dependence destroy all the energies of the mind, and are totally incompatible with true happiness; and that the life will close in the most pleasing serenity, which has been most actively employed in promoting the welfare of society.

THE END.

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